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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLV No. 1900 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 20 1936

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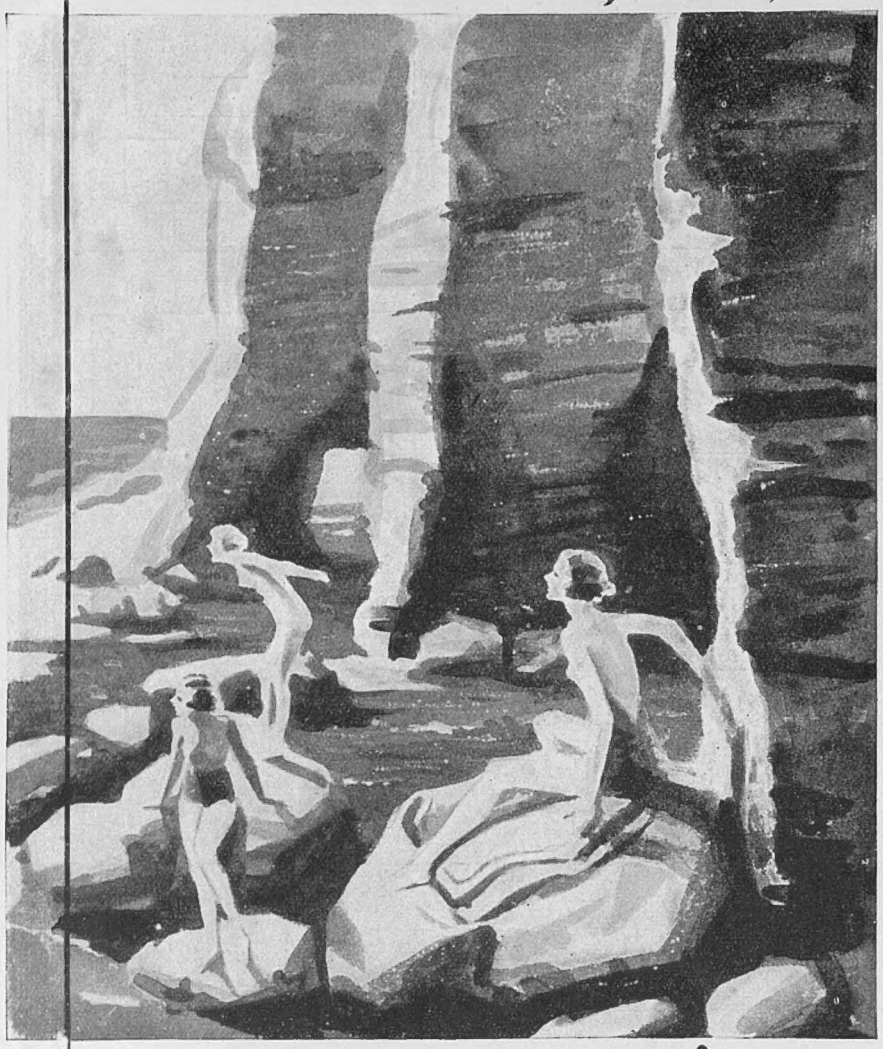

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 20, 1936

A SUNLIT ASCOT
—But Without Royalty

Racegoers on Their Way to Lunch in the Tents on the Far Side of the Course

Ascot as a sporting and social function has lost nothing of its old glamour even though Court mourning robbed it this year of its greatest spectacle—the Royal Procession. There is no other meeting in the world where so many outstanding horses appear or where such a distinguished gathering assembles to watch them race. The Royal Hunt Cup, the Ascot Stakes, the Gold Cup, with its international entry, and numerous other events each worth over £1,000, provide entertainment which cannot fail to thrill even those who are more interested in fashions than in thoroughbreds. For four days Royal Ascot outshines everything; it is the most brilliant event of a brilliant season. The first day, which opened in bright sunshine, was notable for enormous fields and the victories of outsiders, Valerian (20—1), Bouldnor (20—1), and Rondo (20—1; tote 128—1) scoring in three of the first four events on the card, while the defeat of the Derby winner, Mahmoud, by Lord Astor's Rhodes Scholar, caused consternation among backers of the supposed certainty and, at the same time, brought a change of luck to one of the Turf's most lavish patrons

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

COUNT AND COUNTESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW with their three-months-old son, Lance, after he had been christened in the Royal Chapel, Marlborough House. Sir Paul Latham and the Hon. Drogo Montagu are the godfathers, and the godmother is the Comtesse de Castellane, a lifelong friend of Countess Reventlow. Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, Danish Minister in London, was present at the ceremony

A London Newsletter

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, June 17, 1936.

AT HURLINGHAM. — The London Season of 1936 may be a by-Season but last week during the opening match of the Westchester Cup, Hurlingham was back once more to the Great Days of the Edwardian Age. Nothing so brilliant in the polo line (both from the sporting and social point of view) has been seen there for a generation or more. London is crammed full of Americans and Frenchmen, and they had their money's worth in a great game of unusual excitement and the presence of quite a bevy of royalties and the "cream" of London Society. It needn't be said that all the "names that make news" were assembled there. The takings were about £20,000 and none regretted his "fiver." There was hardly a dull chukker, but from the fourth to the last the excitement threshed up to fever heat. The second match of the series had to be postponed owing to wet weather—giving further chance of practice to our team. The Englishmen's rallying powers were heartening and glorious. At the end of the 3rd chukker it was 7–3 and America's game. At the end of the 4th and 5th, it was 7–6. At the end of the 6th, it was 10–7 and America's game again. But before the last was over England had drawn up to 1 goal margin. There were moments of time in the 4th and 7th chukkers when excitement over the greatest game in the world reached its apex. It was anybody's game at the very end. No complaints and no excuses. The Englishmen were very well mounted. There was good luck and bad on both sides and good feeling also. It all helped to that Anglo-American accord which we seek by all means to foster, and not a few of the spectators from abroad who saw that brilliant scene envied this manifestation of London's undying charm.

G. K. C.—G. K. Chesterton died comparatively young, but he had been a legend for years. He was the wise and witty, kindly Dr. Johnson of our day and (with what justice I know not) would be claimed by everybody for England as the typical Englishman of letters. Everybody who met him or indeed read his almost dangerously facile writings loved him at once. How many million paradoxes he turned out to point his thousand arguments, how many printed articles, or indeed books, he wrote in the forty-odd years of his active life, who shall assess? No subject was alien to him, no subject but he adorned it and inspired it with his enthusiasm, his manly sanity, his wisdom and common sense, and his essential poetry. He was a romantic and an acute critic; a practical idealist; above and beyond all, he was a true lover of the English scene and of humanity. He was a notable poet and his great ballad will live among the gems of English poetry; he was a fine critic of literature; a prince among essayists; a trafficker in trifles which his bigness of mind and sanity made tremendous. For he had the most golden judgment of what, at the end of it, are "the things that matter." In his epigrammatic, paradoxical style he could label for all time an English writer in a dozen lines where another critic would be still sketching and fumbling after a dozen pages. This is how he summed up Stevenson: "It was not that he loved men less, but that he loved clubs and pistols more." There was something gorgeously reckless in his categorisation of his theories and types (or perhaps in his book-making?). His "Five Types" comprised Byron, Stevenson, Charles II, Rostand, and Pope! Of what were they types? I suspect that they were types of Mr. Chesterton's facility in the Essay, and types of his critical judgment, wit, and point. He was indeed the utterly accomplished essayist and journalist. Poet, essayist, critic of art and letters, historian—what was he more? A writer of detective fiction of a high order and a humorist who could by his inconsequence tear a man's heart out with laughter. *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* will remain one of the thunderers among laughter-makers. Try out on your friends his "test of humour" from that work which (I quote from memory) begins: "In a little square garden of yellow roses beside the sea . . ." and you can allot them to the sheep or to the goats. A man greatly beloved, of immense value to the taste and sanity of the nation, a man universally mourned.

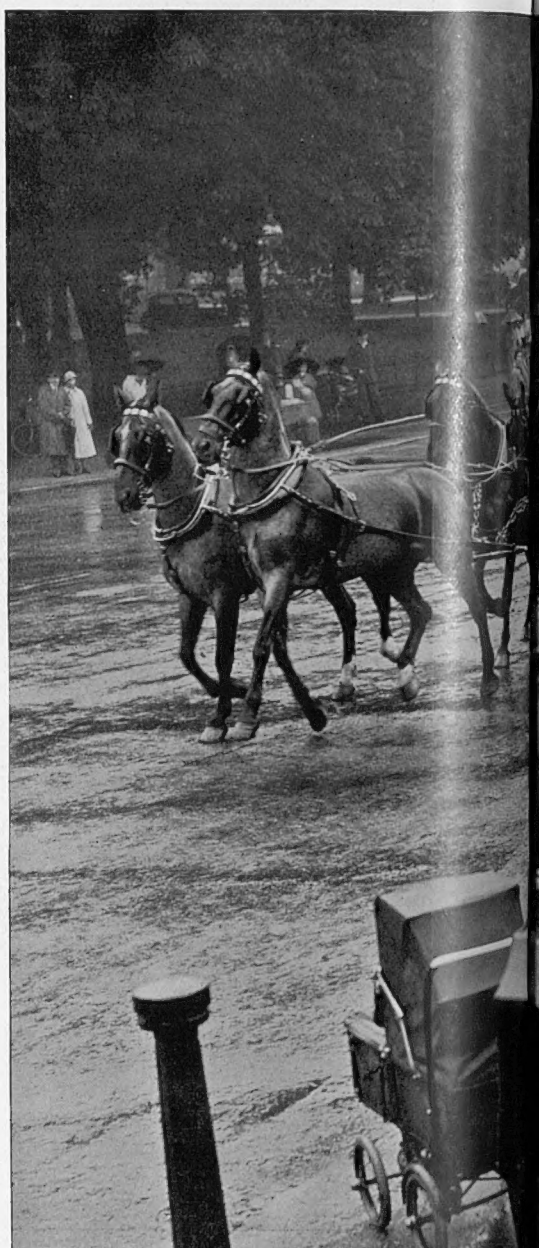
EVEREST VICTRIX.—Everest has conquered, and her inviolability is likely to be left undisturbed for some years. The necessary permissions are not easy to obtain, though the Grand Lama is always sympathetic towards British endeavour. Yet perhaps locally there is an over-riding sense of relief that the last sanctuary of the goddess is a sanctuary still. Everest's latest victory is far more convincing than that won over Mr. Ruttledge's previous expedition. On this occasion there was hardly a hope from the first. The early breaking of the monsoon put the odds up from 50 to 100 to 1 from the very start. Scrapped and abortive are months of intense preparation, and the stored experience of years of attempting the impossible must remain in the barns for the rising generation to mill. The splendid spirit of pioneers and porters remains, another gem added to the diadem of human nature, another tribute to the unquenchable spirit of man. Airships and Everest have beaten us. Very little else, apparently.

THE NEW FIRST LORD: Sir Samuel Hoare on the way to last week's levée at Buckingham Palace. One of his first public appearances since rejoining the Cabinet from which he resigned some months ago as a result of the storm over the Hoare-Laval Pact on the Abyssinian question. Sir Samuel will now reside at the Admiralty and is selling his home at No. 18, Cadogan Gardens

U.S.A.—The party platforms are made. The whirlwind campaigns are launched all over the States. Alf Landon, Governor of Kansas, is chosen to run against the President, a strong candidate on the Republican ticket, who is said to dislike publicity but will find many willing helpers to do the business for him. One by one his rivals have withdrawn from the field. Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal are standing the drum fire of the big guns of big business, and many people declare that, not for the first time in history, this barrage of enemy shells is the biggest recruiting agent for the New Deal camp. This is what enemies of the New Deal are saying on scores of Republican platforms: "Such is the Government of planned economy for which you are paying 650,000,000 dollars more a year more for your food, clothing, and rent. With repudiation of its promises, with a 70 per cent. expansion of governmental expenditures, with 750,000 employees on its pay roll, with its increasing taxes and unemployed (12,600,000), with its warfare against freedom of speech, with its ridicule of the Supreme Court and our ancient liberties, the New Deal, the only wilfully subversive Government in our history, this year demands that you give it a vote of confidence." It is free enough speech. The millions, who set less store by those ancient liberties, jibe at the squeals of big business, and still hope for a big divide for themselves from the slowly grinding mills of the New Deal. Whichever camp has right on its side, Mr. Roosevelt's caters for the big battalions.

POOH-BAH KEEPS IT IN THE FAMILY.—With his accustomed suddenness Mussolini reconstructed his Cabinet last week. Its arrangement for some time had been very simple:

President of the Council	Signor Mussolini
Minister of War	The Duce
Minister of the Navy	Signor Mussolini
Minister of the Air Force	The Duce
Minister of the Interior	Signor Mussolini
Minister of Foreign Affairs	The Duce
Minister of the Colonies	Signor Mussolini
Minister of Corporations	The Duce



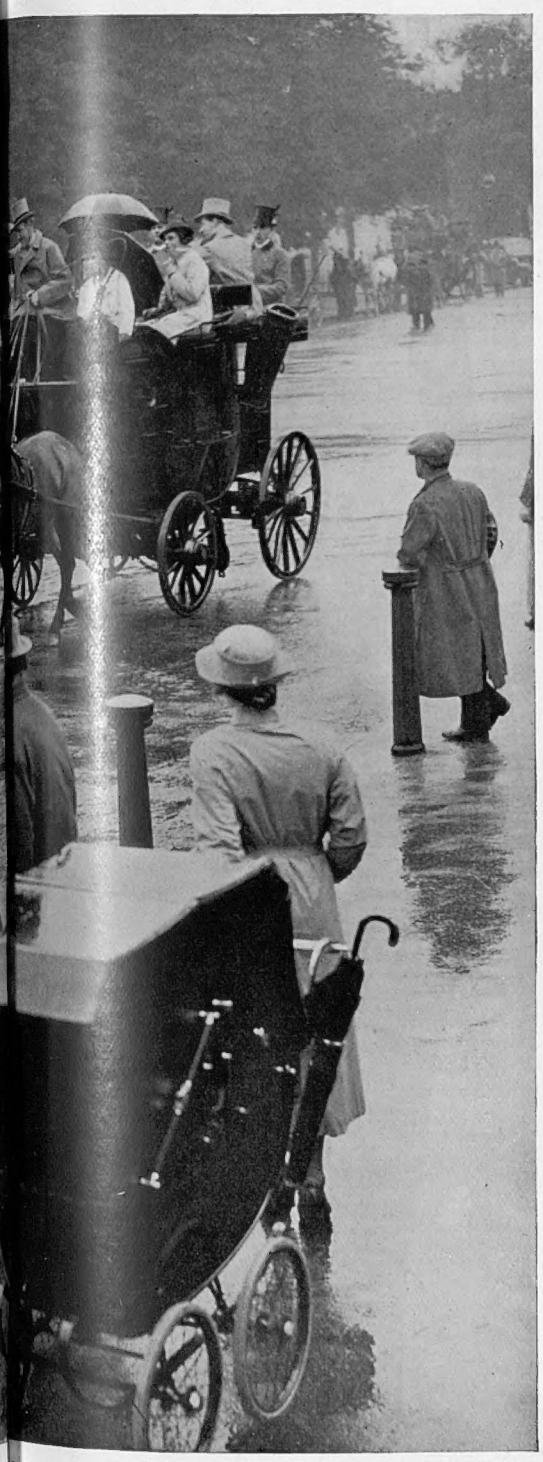
START OF THE COACHING MARATHON: One of the beginning of its journey to Richmond Horse Sh to receive their awards. The event was robbed to wear mackintoshes and carry umbrellas. Mr. H. J. Colebrook with his bays, which were 1st Artillery Club was successful in the class for

Under the reshuffle, the first five great offices of State remain unchanged. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs falls to the Duce's son-in-law, Count Ciano, late Minister of Propaganda. The Colonies go to Signor Lessona and the Corporations to Signor Lantini. Signor Suvich, dandy and of late cypher, retires to the wilderness, unless he comes to Mayfair. "They say" this reshuffling is significant—that it means an era of modified dictatorship, or that, confirmed in its Empire and freed from sanctions, Italy is once more to be the good boy of Geneva and have a Foreign Minister free to attend the League meetings. On the other hand, it may be due more to personal than to political considerations. It may be nepotism or boredom. The Duce is devoted to his daughter, Countess Ciano. She is indeed his solitary idol among human beings and a kick-up for her husband would please everyone in the family. Or, even playing Pooh-Bah may pall—even on the Duce.

THE DUCE AND THE DUKE.—Dukes in Italy are "three-a-penny," but the Duke of Addis Ababa is half-a-crown at least. That Graziani was ear-marked for Viceroy of Italian Abyssinia everyone knew, and Badoglio returned home "on leave" patently to resume his job as Chief of Staff and to lay down his vice-royalty. He received his triumph, like all Roman conquerors, a dukedom, and a Fascist ticket. The last is the first he has received. Once it might have been an embarrassing membership pass. The Marshal was needed at home. The great military machine is reaching its apex of perfection. Times are stirring and situations delicate and dangerous. There are complex problems of demobilisation and still more complex problems which face those who control a great war machine, magnificently equipped, and not yet strained by war or choked with blood. Any moment, the pundits believe, a crisis may develop in Europe. The new duke is needed at the focal point to deal with problems of peace and war and the defence of Colonial possessions—in a word to control the juggernaut spinning-top he helped to set in motion.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.—The Banque de France has had a long run (for its money). It has been a political dictator since Napoleon founded it. How many Cabinets it has broken up with one petulant flick since 1800, it were difficult to estimate. M. Blum is the first premier who has ever succeeded in clipping its wings. Up to yesterday it was a more entrenched and secure and a less benevolent tyranny than ever was the Bank of England under Mr. Norman. Mr. Chamberlain knew how to deal with Mr. Norman. M. Blum's predecessors never got a pinch of salt on the tail of the "Two Hundred." Laval was totally under their direction. True, the State appointed three of the eighteen Regents of the Bank including the Governor, and three more were civil servants. But the remaining dozen were till yesterday the real rulers of the Bank which was a "private bank" always. More, they were for the most part entirely hereditary rulers. Six of them were always chosen from the big six banking families of France—the Rothschilds, of course; Weils, Mallets, Neuflizes, Hottinguers and Mirabauds. Equally hereditary were the six industrialist rulers whose families have, time out of mind, farmed the remaining seats, having under their control the huge French combines in metals, mining, railways, and chemicals. M. Blum intends to control the Bank of issue. With the vital decision now before him whether to devalue the currency or to tighten up the methods of controlling foreign exchange, M. Blum may well find that the rulers will line the last ditch before their ancient privilege of making and breaking Cabinets is taken from them. Paris will hardly know itself when the ancient jest and grouse concerning the "deux cents" (the chief share holding families) become *vieux jeu*.

LEGAL CEREMONIAL: The Tipstaff (the Law Court official who arrests absconding bankrupts), leading the procession on "Judges' Sunday" at St. Paul's Cathedral when the Lord Mayor, accompanied by a number of His Majesty's judges, including the Master of the Rolls and the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, attended divine service in accordance with a custom that dates back to the time of James I. Prior to the service there was a luncheon at the Mansion House



Four-in-hands leaving the Magazine, Hyde Park, at the start of the eight teams lined up in front of the Royal Box where some of its traditional gaiety by the rain, passengers having The William H. Moore Memorial Gold Challenge Cup was won by the winners in the section for private coaches, while the Royal Horse Artillery Regimental coaches. Mr. Bertram Mills won a reserve prize

GUEST OF THE NATION: Sheikh Sir Hamad bin Isa al Khalifah, ruler of Bahrein Archipelago, in the Persian Gulf, who arrived in London last Sunday on an official visit during which he is being entertained by the Government and is to be invested by King Edward with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire, a dignity that was conferred on him in the 1935 New Year's Honours List

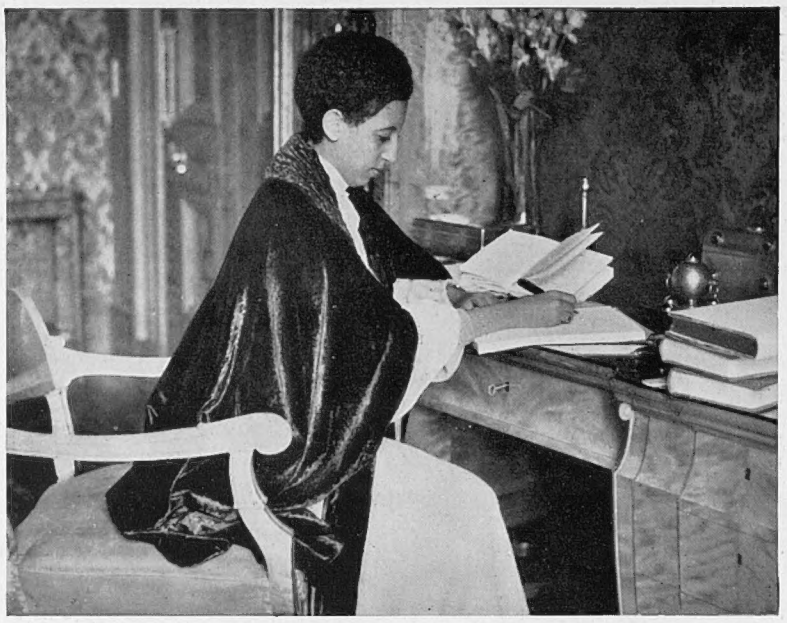
THE CITY AND THE SOCIALISTS.—Small wonder that recent events should have afforded Socialist members a chance of tilting at "the City." These critics missed their chance because they took no pains to get their case up. A case there is. The great City Houses and the responsible pundits in every sphere of legitimate business have been for decades shockingly tolerant of the weaker brethren who sail (sometimes close to the wind) under the same flag. Every time a major scandal is exposed, their conscience is aroused and always it drops its head on the pillow again. Dignified directors of sound and legitimate business remain for ever content to be loosely classed in the public mind with any amateur (i.e., professional gold-getter, share pusher, market rigger, or "paper" company promoter), who cares to set up in business solely for his personal profit. One and all, in the simple minds of the public, are "something in the City." The "higher professions" are carefully controlled and regulated by governing bodies. The professions which are pursued in the City are apparently, by consent of their practitioners, neither high nor learned. Any amateur is free to set up as anything. It would not matter so much if these amateurs did not prove so shrewdly professional.

LONDON'S AIRPORTS.—The new airport for South London at Gatwick, which Lord Swinton opened the other day, has its own railway station from which Victoria Station is reached by Southern electric in 36 minutes. The time is fast but it is also slow, though the Air Minister declared that air travellers "will scarcely know when they have left the Ritz and arrived at the Meurice"—a choice of words which suggested to me that commercial flying is still in the stage of being a luxury of the rich. But 36 minutes remain now and hereafter the price we must pay in flying facilities for the size and structure of London. There is not an available site in the centre of London for an airport—save one, Hyde Park. Cut down all its trees, enclose it and you have the perfect airport for a great capital. If and when you Londoners become sufficiently air-minded, you can have your Mayfair airport. "How much," asked one English sovereign, "would it cost to enclose one of the London Parks?" "Only three crowns," her Minister replied. Still to-day, when we are said to be growing daily more air-minded, it would cost any Government its life to enclose Hyde Park for that purpose or any. We shall not be air-minded enough in the next fifty years, and it is not quite certain that our children's children will be more air-minded than our children. History is a record of action and reaction, and our museums are full of models of scrapped and forgotten inventions once very popular.

OLD MORTALITY.—Mr. Belisha drives on in the face of ever increasing difficulties, vehicles, and casualties. He certainly has the temperament for the job. He holds we "are baffled to fight better." Other Ministers swop offices, rise to ships from sealing-wax or go from the cheese-paring to a spending department; but Mr. Belisha remains in his macabre office among the mortality statistics, making our flesh creep and awakening our road conscience. One day we shall christen him "Old Mortality." His latest death figures were a big increase on the same period of 1935. His "wounded" list was a bumper. He was able to reveal that every week he has more cars on the road; that in 1935 half a million people were convicted of motoring offences; that undue speed is still the first cause of accidents. On the "good" side is the interesting revelation that the Drivers' Test is saving us from worse. Up to the end of May nearly 56,000 applicants, who formerly would have freely scourged the roads, were rejected as yet unfit to drive. What a reflection for Mr. Belisha's predecessors in office.

THE OLD STAGER

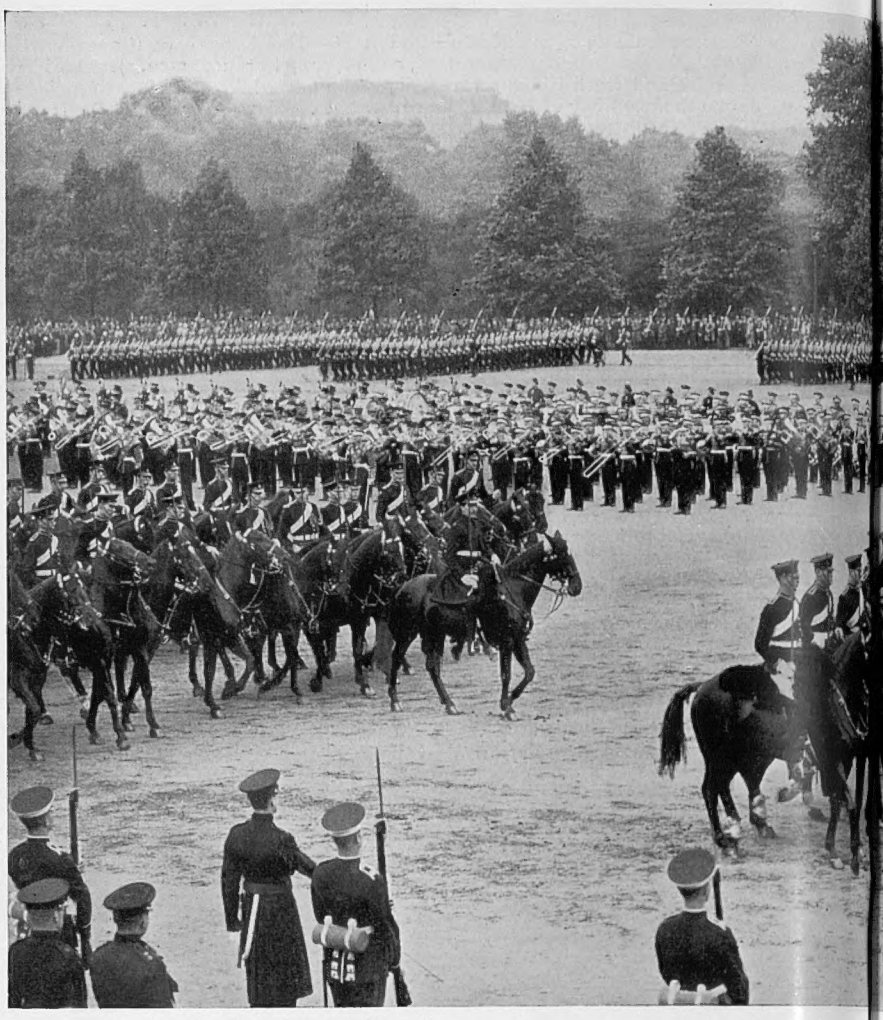
PASSING PAGEANT OF



THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER AND SPOKESWOMAN: Princess Tsahai of Ethiopia, who has so impressed London by her charm and intellectual gifts, preparing a draft of her speech for last Monday's meeting of the Women's Peace Crusade at which she was given a remarkable reception by the vast audience

DIGNITY AND POISE: Princess Tsahai making her speech at the Queen's Hall when she expressed thanks on behalf of her father for "the zeal and devotion with which the Women's Peace Crusade had laboured for the cause of justice, and for the sympathy extended by the British nation to the Ethiopian people and the Imperial family." Her Royal Highness spoke in almost perfect English

A GREAT SOCIAL SUCCESS: The Emperor with Princess Tsahai, who is proving so popular in this country, greeting the guests at the women's reception to the Ethiopian Royal Family, held at Lincoln House, Wimbledon. Since their arrival the Negus and his daughter have attended a host of public functions

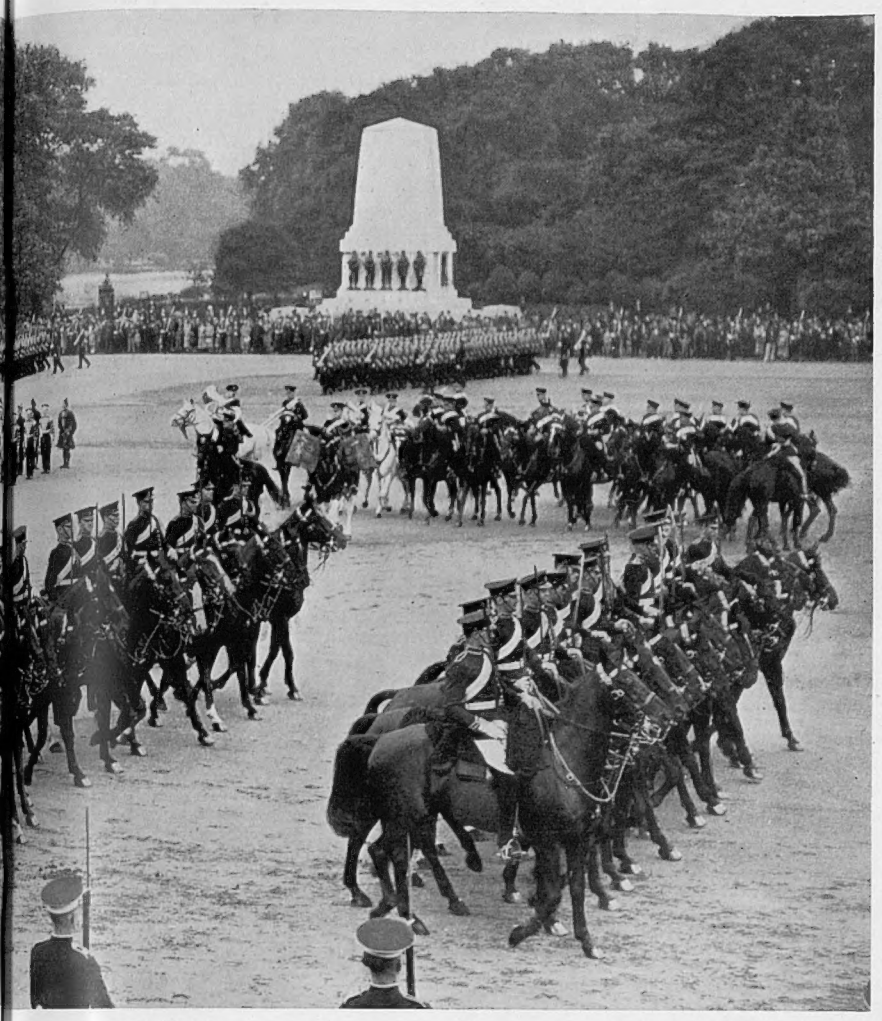


PREPARING FOR THE KING'S BIRTHDAY—T

Infantry, cavalry, and bandsmen practising the March Past on the Horse G

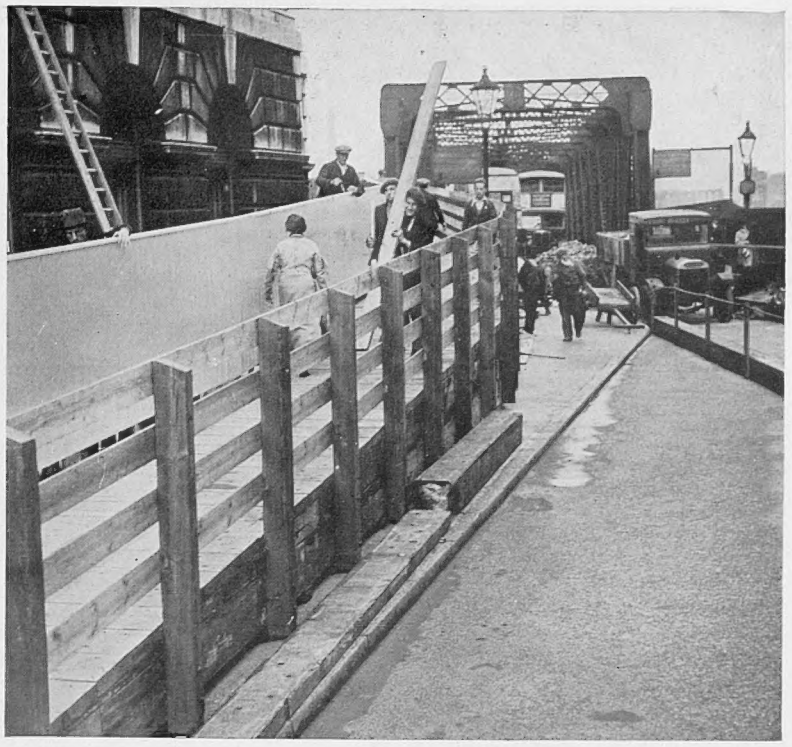
ASCOT FROM THE CLOUDS: An aerial view of the famous course where the annual four-day meeting opened last Tuesday in brilliant weather. Owing to Court mourning there was no procession and no members of the Royal Family attended, but King Edward paid a visit of inspection on Monday when he witnessed the improvements carried out during

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

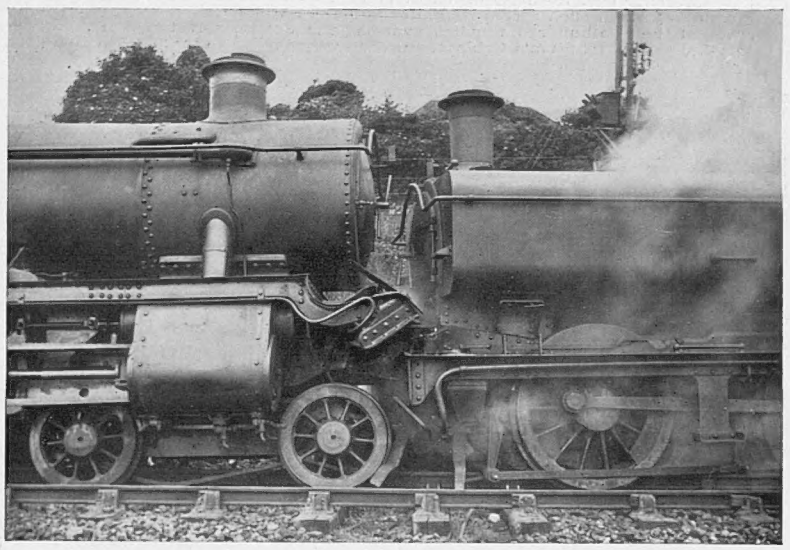


THE TROOPING THE COLOUR REHEARSAL

Guards' Parade in readiness for next week's colourful ceremony



A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT: The temporary Waterloo Bridge is having to be slightly altered in position as it interferes with the plans for building the permanent structure, and in consequence this new approach-sidewalk has been made

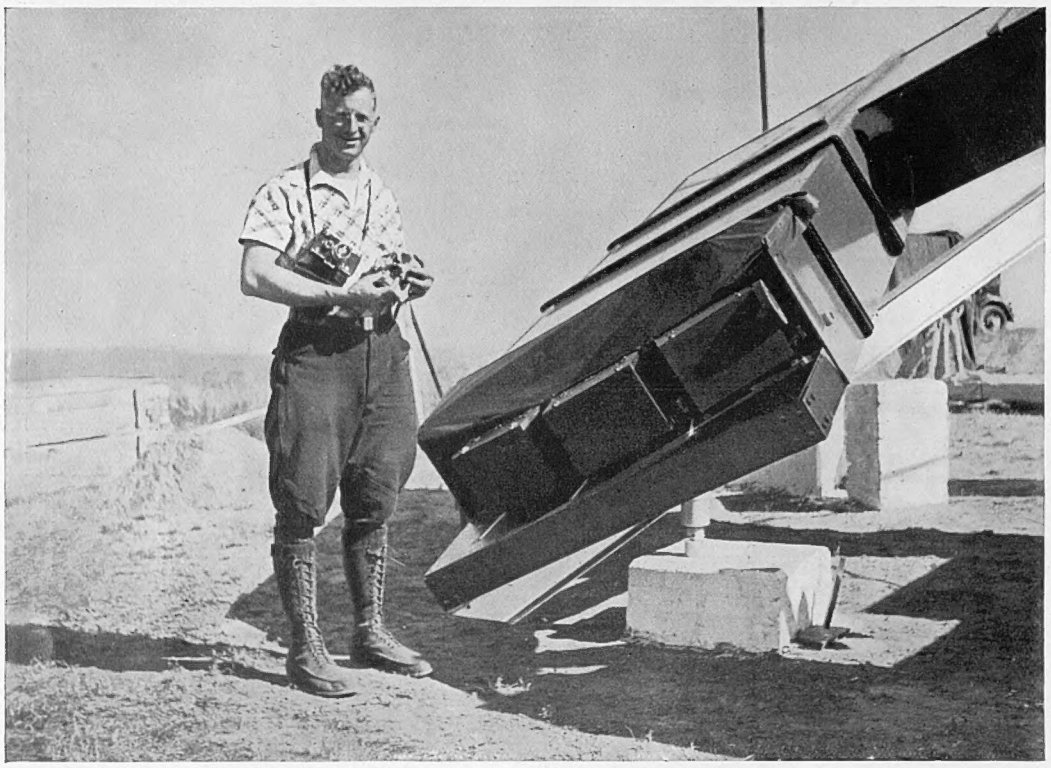


HEAD-ON: A Great Western Railway express and a stationary light engine after coming into collision at Peterston, about six miles from Cardiff—an accident that caused minor injuries to nine people. The express was travelling at about forty m.p.h. and, although brakes were applied the moment the danger was observed, the distance was too short for the driver to avoid impact

the past year by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Gordon Carter, the Clerk of the Course. The most outstanding alteration has been the raising by 8 ft. of the lawn of the Royal enclosure, thus providing racegoers with a good view without having to go into the stands. The going was perfect thanks in equal measure to the recent rainfall and to the track watering apparatus

"RACING" IN HARDLY A BREATH OF WIND: *Surrey* leading *Westmorland* and another competitor in the Thames Barge Match which took place last Saturday and resulted in a win for *Veronica* for the second year in succession

TWO NOTABLE APPOINTMENTS: M. Auriol Labeyrie (*left*), a permanent official of the Finance Ministry, who has been made Governor of the Bank of France—an institution which under the new Radical-Socialist régime will be subject to a much greater measure of State control and, doubtless, will be compelled to lend more freely to the Government in order to further public works schemes. It is significant that the new Governor was formerly principal private secretary to M. Caillaux, the ex-Premier and ex-Minister of Finance who had such a sensational career and on more than one occasion attacked the so-called plutocracy of the two hundred families guarding the destinies of the Bank. *Right*—M. Jules Moch, the Secretary-General of M. Blum's Cabinet, an office very similar to that held in this country by Sir Maurice Hankey



ON THE PATH OF TOTALITY: Dr. Donald H. Menzel, who is in charge of the Harvard Observatory-Massachusetts Institute expedition which recently arrived at Ak-Bulak, a Siberian town 200 miles north-east of the Caspian, in order to make preparations for recording this week's eclipse of the sun. The doctor is pictured holding a human skull unearthed during the excavation of foundations for his scientific apparatus

AERIAL TRAGEDY: The Swedish Aero Transport 'plane, *Lappland*, after it had crashed from a height of 500 ft. on to a building when taking off from Malmoe for Copenhagen and London. One passenger was killed

Will France Desert the Gold Standard?

And Other Aspects of Her Grave Financial Problem

THE franc is once again the centre of attraction in the financial world. Its future is everywhere discussed. Devaluation, inflation, deflation are much used words to-day. What does it all mean?

An important school of thought in France advocates the devaluation of the franc; that is, a deliberate reduction of its value in terms of gold and of other currencies.

France, unlike England, is still on the Gold Standard. This means that the Bank of France will give gold in exchange for francs at the full nominal rate of 1 oz. for 528 francs.

The external value of the franc is fixed in terms of gold. If France imports more than she exports (as for some years past) gold tends to leave the country to pay for the difference. Also gold will leave the country if people fear that the Bank of France will not continue to change its notes for gold. This is exactly what is happening now. During the past ten weeks the Bank of France has lost 10,000 million francs in gold (about £130 million). It still has a large amount left, 55,000 million francs, worth about £740 million as compared with £208 million in the Bank of England, but there are those who urge that the gold standard in its present form should be abandoned.

If France leaves the gold standard she has three courses open to her. In the first place, if she merely suspends gold payments the value of the franc will drop and it will be left to find its own value in terms of other currencies, as did the £ sterling in 1931.

In the second place, she can follow the example of Germany and impose exchange restrictions. This would mean pretending to keep the franc at its present level but in fact permitting sales of francs at cheap rates for special purposes—for example, there might be a special tourist franc at say 100 francs to the pound.

In the third place, she might return to the gold standard but at a lower level. This is devaluation. For example, the Bank of France might change its selling price of an ounce of gold from 528 francs to 792 francs, thus devaluing by one third. The United States devalued the dollar in this way by just over 40 per cent. in 1934 and Belgium devalued the belga last year by 28 per cent.

What would be the advantages to France of devaluing the franc?

In the first place, it would give a great stimulus to her export trade which has been doing very badly during recent years. If a French exporter cannot offer certain goods at less than, say, 7,500 francs he must charge £100 for them if he sells to Great Britain, for the franc at the present rate of exchange is about 75 to the pound. But if the franc were at 100 to the pound he could offer his goods for, say, £80, for £80 would bring him in 8,000 francs. He would thus not only sell more goods but make a bigger profit. Thus it is easy to see that devaluation would increase the competitive power of French exports in the world's markets.

In the second place, devaluation would bring down interest rates in France. At present these are very high. Rentes yield over 6 per cent. as against about 3 per cent. now obtained from British gilt-edged securities. But if the franc were devalued a great deal of money now hoarded by Frenchmen (it has been estimated that £25,000,000 of these hoards is in the form of Bank of England notes) would return to France from abroad and would come out of hoards in France to be invested. Further, British and other capitalists would lend to France, since by doing so they would get a much higher yield. This would bring down interest rates in France. The recovery of Great Britain during the last three or four years has been largely due to cheap money—in particular, the housing boom was made possible largely by cheap money. Devaluation would give France "cheap money."

In the third place, devaluation would assist the French Government. For some time there have been budget deficits and the French Treasury has found it difficult to obtain the money to meet the expenses of the Government. If devaluation led to recovery in France the yields from taxation would increase and in the meantime the French Government would be able to raise an internal loan (as they probably will do) at a rate of interest considerably below the present 6 per cent. or more.

Finally, devaluation would end the present state of uncertainty which greatly increases the risks of all kinds of business and checks the flow of investment and trade.

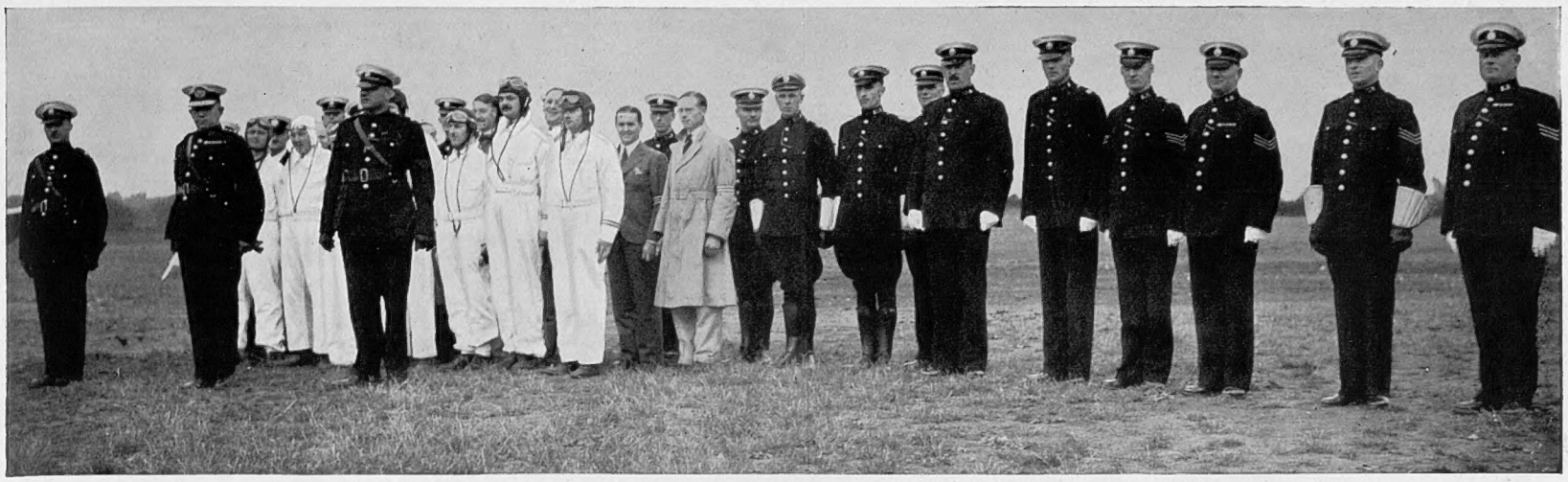
What then is to be said against devaluation? In the first place, France did devalue about 1927. She was on gold before the war at about 25 francs to the pound. She was then off gold until 1928 when she devalued by four-fifths.

Frequent devaluations would make a farce of the gold standard and many people think that the gold standard is well worth while because, by

(Continued on page 540)

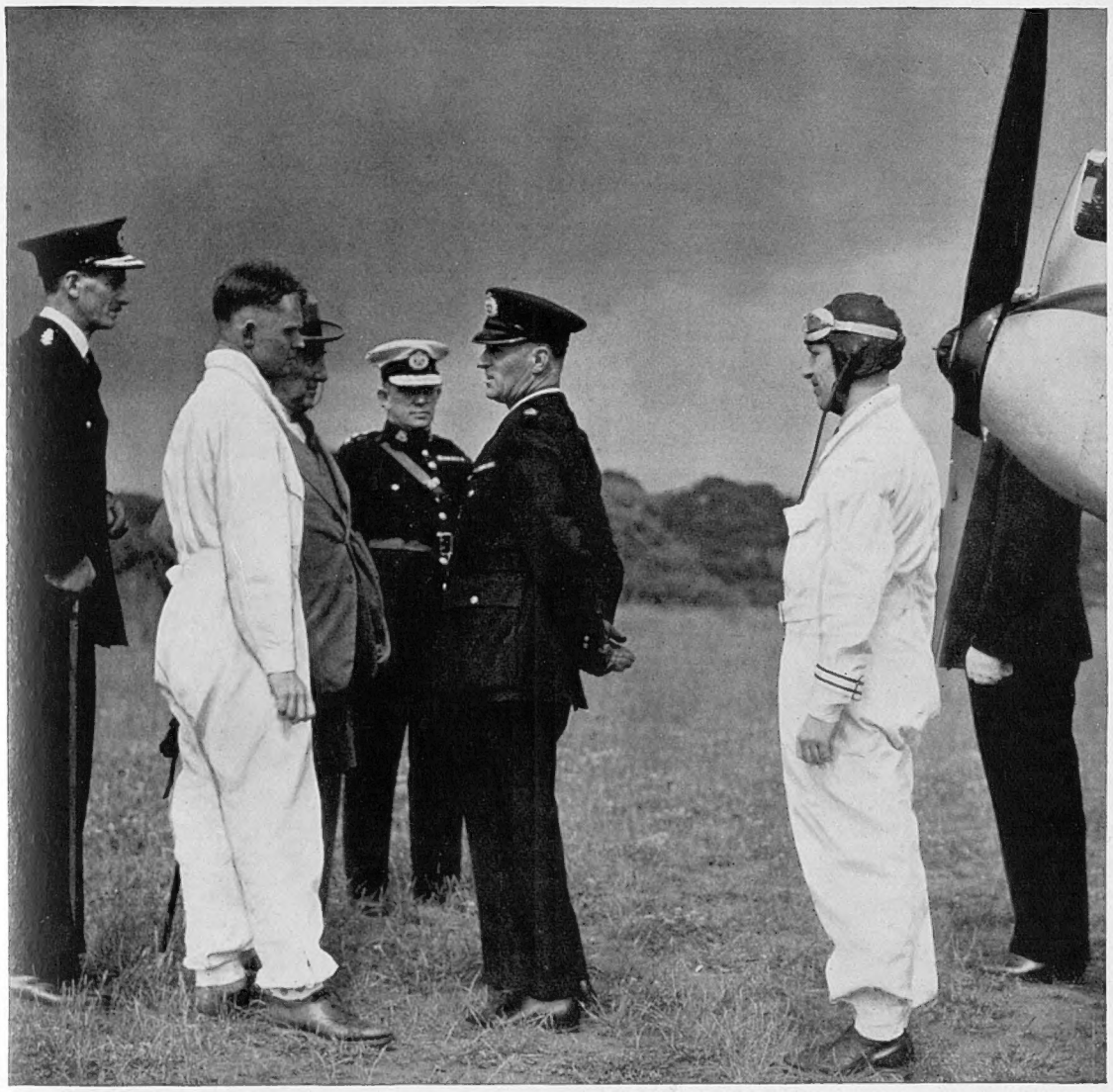
REIGATE'S PIONEER FORCE OF SPECIAL CONSTABLES

Sir Malcolm Campbell Inspecting the Aircraft and Motor Units at Last Saturday's Parade



SHOWING THE WAY: Members of the Reigate Borough Police, of the local Mobile Special Constabulary, and of the local Aircraft Section, lined up to hear Sir Malcolm Campbell last Saturday when the "Ace" motorist delivered a speech in his capacity as Chief Inspector. Reigate is rapidly achieving a nation-wide reputation for its special police units, first as a result of the establishment of the mobile force in 1932, which has already done much good work, and secondly by the formation in 1935 of the aircraft section under Mr. R. F. Bulstrode, which provides classes of instruction for "regulars" to enable them to be efficient observers to special constable pilots if they should be called upon "to go up." The progress of both units is being watched with interest by the Home Office

AT THE HELM: Captain F. C. Sutton, Chief of the Reigate Special Constables, and Mr. William H. Beacher, Chief Constable of the Borough

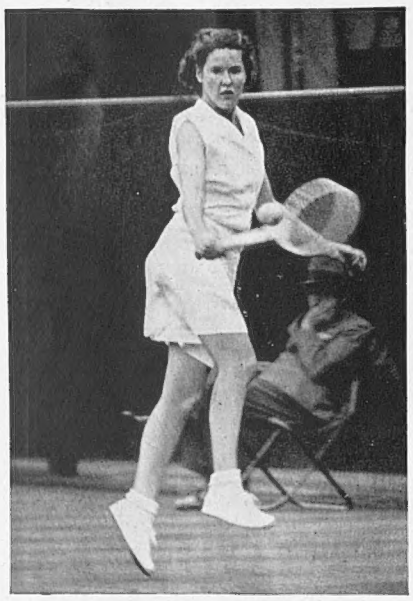


SKY PEELER: Sir Malcolm in conversation with Mr. R. F. Bulstrode (second from left) in charge of the Aircraft Section—the first of its kind to be attached to a Special Constabulary and, it is anticipated, the forerunner of many others

CARS OF THE MOBILE FORCE: Sir Malcolm Campbell on his tour of inspection and (*below*) another portrait of him with Mr. Bulstrode and with Lieut.-Colonel F. J. Spranger, O.B.E., Deputy-Mayor of Reigate, who has shown tremendous interest in the work that is being done

THE LAW'S EVER-LENGTHENING ARM: The fleet of 'planes, one of which is an autogiro, drawn up for Sir Malcolm's visit last Saturday. The enthusiasm and the volume of voluntary effort that has gone to the creation of this unit has aroused general admiration, and Reigate Borough has good cause to be proud of its Special Constabulary, which can with justice claim to be the most go-ahead in the country. The movement has the full backing of the local authorities, who support it in every way, and are even now favourably considering the question of a general uniform issue. (Special "Sphere" pictures by William Davis)

THE LURE OF BALLET: A glimpse of the queue that started forming outside Covent Garden more than twenty-four hours before the first performance of Colonel de Basil's company. The opening night of the season was an outstanding success, Danilova, now at the height of her powers, Massine, Lazovsky, Lichine, and Riabouchinska delighting the audience with their grace, highly-perfected technique, and unwearying precision



AMERICA DOES IT AGAIN: Mrs. Fabyan (*left*) in action against Miss Stammers whom she beat, and (*right*) Miss Babcock, Miss Jacobs, Mrs. Fabyan, and Mrs. Van Ryn with the Wightman Cup after their 4-3 victory against the British girls last Saturday, thus narrowly retaining the trophy which they have now held for some years

THE DEFEATED BRITISH WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM: Miss James, Miss Round, Miss Hardwick, Miss Dearman, Miss Lyle, and Miss Stammers, the six players who put up such a keen fight but whose defeat was somewhat unexpected. Miss Round was at her best, winning both her matches, but Miss Stammers failed on the second day to reproduce against Mrs. Fabyan the brilliant form which enabled her to beat Miss Jacobs on the Friday

Belgium's Would-Be Führer

M. Léon Degrelle, Spellbinding Leader of the Much Discussed Rexist Party, which is Fascist in All But Name

MAN OF THE MOMENT: M. Léon Degrelle

THERE is nothing of the stock dictator about M. Degrelle, leader of the Rexists and would-be Führer of Belgium. M. Degrelle neither wears top-boots nor carries a whip, and he has no bodyguard of tough young men to secure him from molestation. He wears the double-breasted lounge suit of the peaceful bourgeois, and travels about Belgium alone; going 3rd class, he was careful to assure me. At political meetings his supporters are armed with nothing more deadly than the domestic broom, whose use, except in emergency, is wholly symbolic. It stands, of course, for purification of morals, politics, finance, and everything else.

The perceptive eye, however, is on its guard against outward appearances. In their methods the Rexists may be cooing doves compared with the Nazis or the Blackshirts, but in their spirit and fundamental principles there is little to distinguish them from what is known as Fascism in Italy, Germany, or Austria. They are mild because the circumstances in Belgium do not as yet make for violence. Should the situation deteriorate sufficiently, however, there is no reason to suppose that the Rexists would hesitate to employ the tactics so successfully exploited by Hitler's shock troops.

"*Balayer le pourri*, sweep away the rotten—that is our motto," M. Degrelle told me. "The old parties are done for, corrupt and incompetent. We are against them all. From now on there are only two parties in Belgium, Rexist and Anti-Rexist, and we shall come to power because our movement is irresistible.

"We are not Fascists or National-Socialists," he continued. "We admire what has been achieved in Italy and Germany, but we intend to imitate no one. We shall remain in the Belgian tradition, which is that of good humour, common sense, and tolerance."

Like all born orators, M. Degrelle is difficult to stop when he has started to speak. His words come in a torrent, they have the force of supreme conviction, and are emphasised by powerful gestures, often with the clenched fist. Short, sturdy, with ruddy cheeks and small, but intensely animated dark eyes, he is the typical product, physically, of a prosperous peasant stock. In a crowd there is nothing to distinguish him as a natural leader of men. When he talks, however, the man is transfigured; the dynamic eloquence which has stirred all Belgium leaps into being and one's attention is fixed.

"We are against Parliamentary government," the Leader thundered. "Democracy has levelled men to the status of mere numbers. We shall restore the dignity of the human being. We are against the theory of the subordination of the individual to the State. We favour the decentralisation of power, the fullest provincial autonomy. We are against the autocracy of money and the trustification of industry. We shall protect the artisan, the small trader, the farmer, and the family. We stand for discipline, order, and social regeneration on a Christian basis."

When I tried timidly to put some question on precise points in the Rexist programme, my curiosity was brusquely brushed aside. One does not interview M. Degrelle any more easily than Herr Hitler. They talk and one listens. Whether the audience is one or ten thousand, their relationship to it remains the same. It is the relationship of a hypnotist to his subject.

In the Brussels office where M. Degrelle has just installed his headquarters I found an intense activity. The Rexists had as yet scarcely recovered from their own surprise in winning twenty-one seats at their electoral debut, but they were already preparing figuratively to take Parliament by storm. Consultations with his lieutenants, interviews with journalists, visits from political wire-pullers and casual callers intrigued by the new star, kept their chief continuously occupied, and the bare and untidy corridor leading to his room was crowded with people waiting for an appointment. The interest aroused by the new party, especially its leader, was reflected in all political conversation, where I found it to be the principal topic. Women particularly were curious about M. Degrelle—*le beau* Léon, as he is already referred to in the newspapers.

To what extent Rex will become a factor to be reckoned with in Belgian politics it is difficult to say. Its success up to date is very largely psychological. People voted for Rexists not because they believed in their programme, than which nothing could be more vague, but because, like the Nazis and the Fascists, Rex represented a new force, almost a new creed. Four years of economic depression, ending in the devaluation of the currency, have made many electors dissatisfied with the National Government and unwilling to support either of the three parties it represents.

G. A. Martelli

WATERLESS CACERES

A Spanish Town in Estremadura, Where the Women Have to Make Daily Visits to the Wells Outside the Walls

A BURDEN TO BEAR: A woman of Caceres, the picturesque old town in Estremadura, supporting on her head one of the great red jars used by the people for transporting water to their homes from the wells outside the walls. For centuries they have had to get their supplies in this way

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL: Women and children on their way to the wells; one carrying her jar in her arms, others balancing them vertically or horizontally on their heads. *On left*—A glimpse of the old town, which is picturesquely set on a hill girt with walls, towers, and gates of Roman and Moorish origin

HOMEWARD BOUND: Sturdy youngsters laden with the jars bearing the precious liquid that they have to walk so far to obtain. *On left*—OUTWARD BOUND with empties

It is a matter for wonderment that Caceres, a town of nearly 17,000 population, should be so ill-served as regards water-supply, and while for the visitor there is certainly an element of the picturesque in the housewives' daily trek to the wells and back, it is a chore with which the inhabitants would gladly dispense, and, indeed, will be able to do so if the Spanish Government's scheme for a water-works comes to fruition. The women regard the wells as a rendezvous, and, as they draw their water and wash the household linen, they exchange the current gossip of the town, only too willing not to begin the return journey before they must —a journey which the older folk have cause to dread with the advancing years

The Hunchback of Rouen Cathedral

Marie Bara and Her Part in the Drama that has Involved Intense Diplomatic Activity Between France and the Vatican

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE EPISCOPAL PALACE where Monseigneur de la Villerabel has continued to live in spite of the fact that the Pope has deposed him from his office as Archbishop of Rouen and put in his place Monseigneur J. A. Chollet, Bishop of Cambrai. In the accompanying article Ferdinand Tuohy tells the extraordinary story that lies behind this news

CHANGE and transition, violent parting with the past in every form, may come and go, but French provincial life goes on and on. Whatever other peculiarities they may possess, *les mœurs de province* have that of blithe endurance above, around, and underneath the common tumult of the times. I am not sure if the tenacious survival isn't frankly refreshing.

It is one hundred years since Honoré de Balzac was thick in his *Scènes de la Vie de Province;* he could have come back to Rouen any day latterly and have fairly revelled in the identical human ingredients that gripped him of old, as he could without fear of affront have bestrode the old Norman capital architecturally preserved as has been no other historic French town through the undisguised blessings of post-war "embellishment." Others might have revelled, too, in the shape of resurrected pamphleteers of the Goddess of Pure Reason, since the setting of our tale is the cathedral, and its permeating influence, the long arm of Rome perennially jealous of the ecclesiastical good name, lest this be cheapened or trailed before the laity.

Monseigneur André du Bois de la Villerabel was Bishop of Amiens all through the time we were there —1915, and after. It was he who took the drastic sandbagging and other steps that were to save his thrilling edifice under the bombing and bombardment of the later days. In 1920, at the age of fifty-seven, this fine-looking "aristo" prelate from the Lower Vendée via St. Brieuc, his Breton country of adoption, was appointed to the archbishopric of Rouen, a prize usually crowned by the cardinal's hat.

As the head of the Church in a far-flung province that conserves a good deal of its religion—genuine or surface, as it may be—Monseigneur de la Villerabel won a real popularity. For these, he looked the picture; for those, it was his easy-going affability and humaneness. Especially did the women's Congregations, backbone of any diocese, venerate their Archbishop. But, note, he was easy-going. And, as time progressed, there was added to this risky trait a lack of prudence visible chiefly in an inability to withstand the temptation of putting himself in writing.

The Archbishop liked to make over his affairs to others, giving his chosen collaborators his entire confidence. On this trend he one day secured from Amiens a brilliant young priest named René Bertin who had been heading for the chair of Canon Law at Lille. Father Bertin had heart disease, and is to-day precociously obese and purplish to boot, far from an undiluted pleasure to contemplate, but he possessed uncommon brain-power and soon came to be nothing less than dictator of the great and rich diocese, after a rise unique in its meteoric way. For the deeply impressed, easy-going Archbishop had pushed his *protégé* with the utmost speed through every upward stage, even going the length of personally paying the necessary £1,400 when the young cleric was given prebendary promotion. By 1927 Canon Bertin, just thirty, was already vicar-general in complete control of the four "communities" of the diocese, and of their wealth, and had assumed the management of the Archbishop's private fortune as well. Is it necessary to say that such unheard-of preferment caused murmurings, kindled criticism?

Howbeit, the brainy if infirm subject of it should worry! It was the epoch of dizzy franc speculation, of fabulous real estate, and similar *coups*, and the young clerical dictator seemingly knew nought save success. When the national currency was menaced he changed over to Swiss banks. His managership was altogether laudable, not to say *formidable*. By 1932 it was a case of Monseigneur Bertin. Titular canon, vicar-general, prelate, master of one of the greatest dioceses in France; all at thirty-six!

Up till now there had been but one smudge in the Archbishop's copy-book. Though warned that the excommunicated Royalist *Action Française* was to loom at a local ceremony, and advised therefore to soft-pedal on it, political "incidents" setting Catholics against Catholics were suffered to occur, and for this Monseigneur de la Villerabel was held responsible as having shown weakness.

A more serious turn in events lay just ahead.

The Archbishop fell ill; the doctors feared mortally so. And there entered the second figure out of Balzac consequent on the sick man desiring to connect once more with St. Brieuc-of-his-heart, if he were in fact dying. Monseigneur de la Villerabel caused to be brought to Rouen his godchild, Marie Bara. Of good family, old-time devotees of the aristocratic de la Villerabels, Marie Bara astonished Rouen by her appearance, a dwarfish hunchback and cripple, her ugliness only relieved by penetrating dark eyes, and though only forty, looking sixty. This *étrangère* was to astonish even more by her intelligence, capacity for intrigue, and domineering way.

The goblin-like godchild took charge of the ailing, easy-going Archbishop, and proceeded to nurse him back to health in face of all that the doctors had said. She admittedly saved his life by calling in a certain specialist, despite the fact that he was a Radical-Socialist unbeliever. That started the tongues (and how they can wag in Rouen—I was at a Lycée there long ago), and when the hunchback *étrangère* lost no time in consolidating her position at the expense of others in the Archbishop's palace, the fat fairly began to sizzle. The "provincial imbroglio" had got under way. Particularly, Marie Bara sidetracked Sister Thomas, who, as Monseigneur Bertin's secretary, had been first lady of the fine old mansion in the rue des Bonnetiers, upon which one looks sheer down from the spire of the cathedral. The *étrangère* even banished Sister Thomas to the kitchen, and herself took place at the Archbishop's table alongside the young dictator, who, it may be guessed, was not slow in conceiving bitter feelings towards the hunchback interloper, who was soon successfully to begin stealing his own thunder in addition to his secretary's.

Tongues began to wag, *and* wag, around town. This *étrangère!* What did it all mean? *Could it be possible* . . . but the thought perished unspoken or faded out in shocked whisper. . . .

The whispers reached the Nunciate in Paris, and thence Rome. The Vatican did not like Rouen's running counter to custom, by which Archbishops are always cared for by nuns, and said so. But Monseigneur de la Villerabel did nothing about it. After all, wasn't Marie his godchild and had she not saved his life?

The Archbishop who never thought ill or uncharitably of others, in his easy-going way allowed things to proceed unaltered. Or, rather, he took a step that showed him now to be under the influence of Marie, for he invited the young dictator to remove himself from the episcopal palace and go and live with his mother on the Neufchâtel road. Monseigneur Bertin obeyed and—coincidence or no—shortly after things began to move badly for the Archbishop. So much so, that last year his *dossier* in Paris began ominously to thicken. Adverse reports were evidently coming in. The upshot came when Monseigneur de Guébriant arrived in Rouen as envoy of Rome and invited the Archbishop to chose between getting rid of Marie Bara or himself resigning.

Action hereupon developed. Met by obstinate refusal, the envoy took Marie by road to Paris and there put her on the train for St. Brieuc. Shocked by this spiriting away, the Archbishop swiftly resolved not to take things lying down. He repaired to a distant cousin's estate to recuperate, and this locality being far from his diocese, he sent, in all ecclesiastical legality, for his successful nursing aid, Marie Bara. And convalescence was going on nicely when another blow fell. The Archbishop learnt of alleged treachery on the part of his former *protégé* who was said to have told the Paris Nuncio of episcopal incapacity, suggesting himself as co-adjutator. Returning to Rouen in high indignation, Monseigneur de la Villerabel dismissed the young dictator from every post he held. Whereupon there exploded a third and more devastating bombshell still. On going over the books, the two remaining vicars-general discovered that the much-vaunted, brilliant managership of their rival had in reality been a disaster. Millions of francs had been "dilapidated," the whole accounts were in an inextricable state. One Congregation alone was said to have lost £30,000, while in a second case, Monseigneur Bertin had found himself requested to restore a matter of £6,000.

MARIE BARA: The deposed Archbishop's hunchback godchild whose dominating influence in the palace aroused such comment in Rouen

Placed under a ban as priest (supreme Roman sanction), the young Monseigneur promptly appealed to the Rota. Meanwhile, to ease the situation on her side consequent on all the talk, Marie Bara moved across the street. Yet rumour did not lighten; the reverse. In fact, it grew scandalous, as was inevitable sooner or later in a city of Rouen's austerity. An especially wicked trick on their Archbishop was bruited in connection

(*Cont. on p.* 532)

EUROPEAN NEWS SURVEY

A Pictorial Record of Recent Happenings in Four Countries

PRINCESS SIBYLLE, wife of Prince Gustaf-Adolf, heir presumptive to the Swedish throne, seen in the grounds of the new high school for girls in Stockholm, which was recently inaugurated by the King. The Princess, who belongs to the famous house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was married in 1932

DEFYING SANCTIONS: One of the six buses running in Milan on wood gas, a substitute for petrol now being employed as a result of the international restrictions on exports to Italy. Vehicles using this type of fuel can be run very economically indeed, a fact demonstrated a few days ago by three motorists who made a journey of 600 miles costing no more than 5s. 9d. per head. Of recent months Italian inventors have managed to evolve a host of ideas for countering the effect of sanctions

POCKET BATTLESHIP: The 10,000-ton *Admiral Scheer*, her decks lined with men as she took part in the recent review held at Kiel by Chancellor Hitler on the eve of the twentieth anniversary of the Battle of Jutland, the naval engagement which Germany calls Skagerack and claims as a victory. The *Admiral Scheer*, belonging to the Deutschland class, was laid down at Wilhemshaven about five years ago and launched on April 1, 1933. She has an electrically-welded hull and is propelled by Diesel engines, two factors that in large measure account for the extraordinary saving of weight effected in her construction

TRAGEDY MARS A DAY OF REJOICING: *Left*—Prince Michael, the Rumanian Crown Prince, kneeling during the open-air service held in Bucharest to celebrate the sixth anniversary of his father's return to the throne. A picture taken a few minutes before that reproduced on the right which shows rescuers at work amid the wreckage after a grandstand, accommodating six thousand, had crashed to the ground, causing the death of twenty-one people and injury to 600 others. King Carol immediately ordered the proceedings to be suspended, and himself assisted in the task of rescue. Prince Paul, Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, was one of the notabilities who witnessed the disaster, and afterwards gave £200 for distribution among the families of those involved

THE NAHAKKI SIDE: Gangs of workmen on the lower slopes of the road. A view showing the engineers' camp in the plain and two of the high retaining walls that have had to be built in order to ensure the stability of the carriage-way. Many thousands of tons of solid rock have been dynamited away from some parts of the mountain

On right—TWISTING AND TURNING ITS WAY TO THE SUMMIT: Another impression of the Nahakki Pass highway while under construction; a task of considerable magnitude that typifies the difficulties of road building in the North-West Frontier Province, a land of lofty peaks and deep valleys offering a host of natural obstacles to the engineer

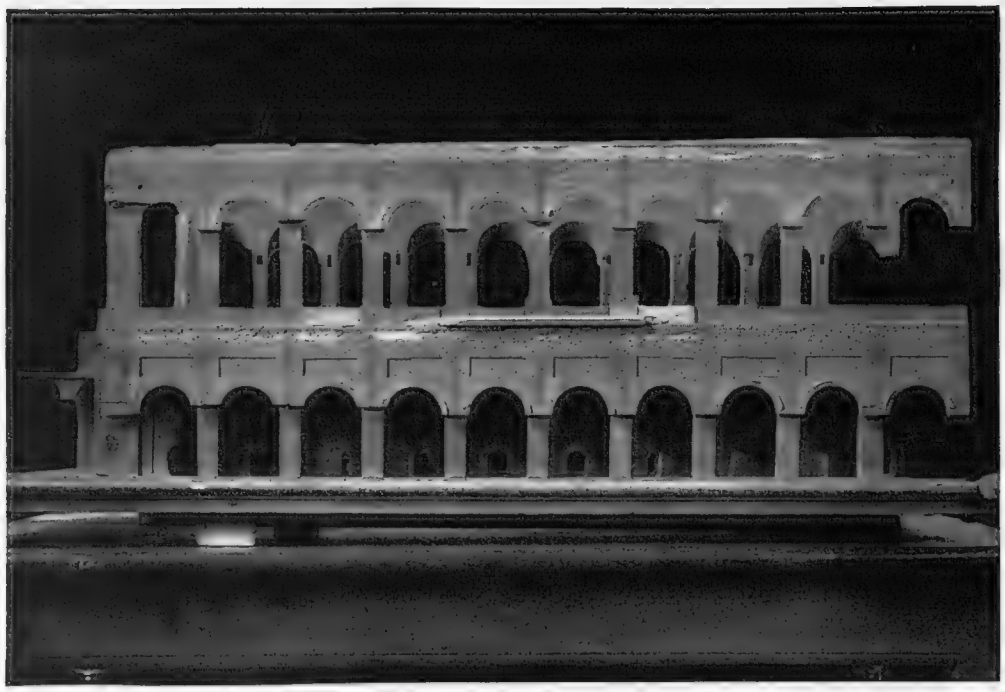
ON THE BORDERS OF THE UPPER MOHMAND COUNTRY: Men at work on the making of the new military road over the Nahakki Pass—a region that last September was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting known for years on the North-West Frontier, recalcitrant tribesmen putting up a stern and long resistance against the British force sent to subdue them. The building of this highway has caused considerable ill-feeling among the natives of the province, but it is believed that it will prove an important factor in the maintenance of peace and in time of trouble will do much to facilitate the movement of troops. As an engineering feat it is comparable to anything done by the Italians in East Africa and the problems that have had to be overcome are very similar, countless hairpin bends and retaining walls having to be constructed in order to make it possible for the slopes to be negotiated

MILITARY ROAD BUILDING ON INDIA'S NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

The New Highway Being Constructed Over the Nahakki Pass — A Vital Factor in the Maintenance of Peace in a Region Long Notorious for its Periodic Tribal Disturbances

WREN'S MODELS for

Special Pictures of Scale Representations Newly Discovered—Described by



A NOTABLE FIND: This much damaged model for St. Paul's was recently brought to light by the Cathedral surveyor and on comparison with certain authentic documents, it has now been definitely identified as a representation of one of Wren's rejected early designs for the great Cathedral. It is a very curious scheme indeed, quite unlike any other church in the world, consisting of a vast rectangular preaching hall without side aisles but with large galleries contrived above the arcaded loggias. "If it had actually been built," says the author of the article on this page, "it would have looked like a larger version of St. James's, Piccadilly."

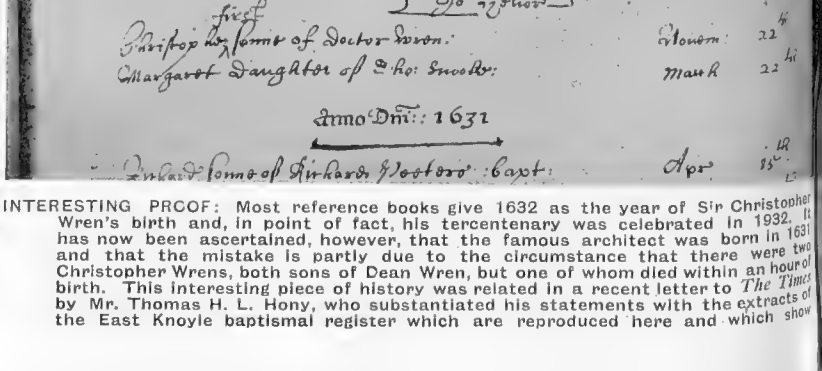
On right—LOOKING DOWN THE NAVE: Another view of the newly discovered model which was begun towards the end of 1669 by the joiner, William Clear, and for which Wren paid him a hundred guineas

WREN'S SECOND PLAN: This remarkable piece of woodwork measuring some 18 ft. in length, being large enough for a person to enter and study the internal designs, is known as the "Great Model" of St. Paul's, and is still preserved in the Cathedral. The scheme, which was much cherished by the architect, was rejected largely because it was unsuitable for building in instalments

MODELS of various kinds figure largely in the building accounts of Wren's St. Paul's. The joiners and plasterers were always having to make them of particular details, mouldings, capitals, and so forth, and it would seem that Wren used models much more than modern architects—at any rate for St. Paul's work, which always occupied a very special place in his own estimation, and with which he took far greater pains than with any of his other buildings. Apart from these detail models made for his own critical inspection, or the instruction of his builders, there are two models of the whole church which show his earliest ideas for the new cathedral. These two models were mentioned by Wren's son in the account of his father's works that he inserted in a family history entitled *Parentalia*, and compiled in the eighteenth century, but though the second and larger of the two models was well known, the first had been lost, and the written description seemed vague to the point of incomprehensibility. Recently the Surveyor of the Fabric made the discovery of a much damaged model that on comparison with the *Parentalia* description and with some obscure notes named by Sir Roger Pratt, a contemporary of Wren's, can be identified as the lost first model.

This newly discovered model was begun towards the end of 1669 by William Clear the joiner, and Wren was paid a 100 guineas towards "his paines and designeing a new draft of the whole church for the joiners to make a modell in wainscott" in March 1670. It is a very curious scheme indeed, and as Sir Roger Pratt said when he saw it in July 1673, quite unlike any other church in the world. It consisted of a great rectangular preaching hall without side aisles, but with large galleries contrived above the arcaded loggias which went round three sides of the building outside. At the west end it was preceded by a lofty domed entrance vestibule. The newly discovered model has lost its domed western feature, which is known only from Pratt's notes, but the remains of the hinge by which it was attached to the surviving part are clearly visible. Internally, the main body of the church if built would have presented an effect rather like a larger version of St. James's, Piccadilly, where the aisles are so low and the galleries so important that the main space of the interior seems to be at gallery level. It is curious to note that Wren has put it on record that he thought the design of St. James's the most economical and efficient for a church the primary intention of which was to be a preaching hall, and that the *Parentalia* account says that the main intention of this first design was to provide indoor accommodation for the congregations who formerly attended the open-air sermons in St. Paul's Churchyard.

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM IN MINIATURE: The interior of the "Great Model": a superb example of the joiners' art as carefully finished within as without. Some expert critics regret that this plan was rejected as in its conception Wren attained a level of architectural excellence which was not quite approached in his later work. His main idea was to create a central space of outstanding dignity



INTERESTING PROOF: Most reference books give 1632 as the year of Sir Christopher Wren's birth and, in point of fact, his tercentenary was celebrated in 1932. It has now been ascertained, however, that the famous architect was born in 1631 and that the mistake is partly due to the circumstance that there were two Christopher Wrens, both sons of Dean Wren, but one of whom died within an hour of birth. This interesting piece of history was related in a recent letter to *The Times* by Mr. Thomas H. L. Hony, who substantiated his statements with the extracts of the East Knoyle baptismal register which are reproduced here and which show

ST. PAUL'S

of the Cathedral, One

Geoffrey Webb

THE CENTRAL SPACE: A remarkable picture, specially taken for "The Sphere," showing the interior of the 18 ft. "Great Model"—the design for the Cathedral which Sir Christopher was so anxious to see put into execution, and in which the dome was an even more dominating and striking feature than that towering above the building existing to-day

The most curious feature of the model is the external loggias and these also have reference to the customs of the old medieval cathedral. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the nave and aisles of old St. Paul's had become a popular meeting place for the exchange of news and gossip. They are frequently mentioned in the Elizabethan dramatists, amongst others by Falstaff. There can be no doubt that these loggias were intended as alternative accommodation for the frequenters of Paul's Walks, to keep them and their noise outside the actual building. Indeed, the *Parentalia* account says as much. In later designs this point was overlooked and no alternative accommodation was provided for the gossips. Probably the long time that elapsed between the burning of the old cathedral and the beginning of the new one had made a breach in the custom, and moreover, in the meanwhile, the coffee houses had taken the place of Paul's Walks as meeting places for gossip and the exchange of news. The other feature of the design, the lofty dome at the west end, was intended not only as a State entrance, but as a tall landmark to replace the central tower of the old cathedral, so dear to all Londoners.

THE AMBULATORY of the "Great Model"

The first model held the field till the autumn of 1673 when a new design was made and a new model built. This is the Second or Great Model. It is a remarkable piece of woodwork and measures some 18 ft. in length, large enough to show the effect both inside and out. Perhaps the most striking features of the design internally are the domed western vestibule, the fine effect of the opening out of the north-west and south-west aisles, in military language, "at ten o'clock and two o'clock" as the visitor

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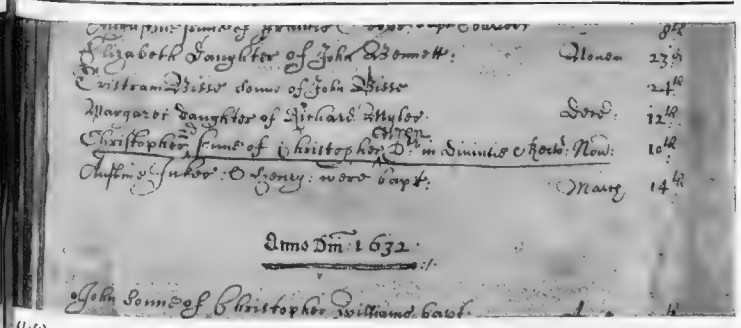


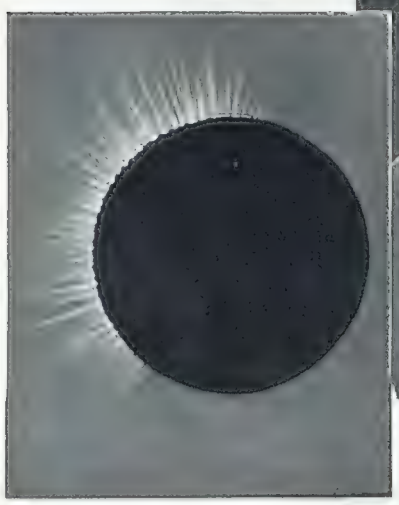
(left), the page bearing the entry relating to the first Christopher, and *(above)*, the page relating to the second Christopher who lived to be famous. It should be borne in mind that in the seventeenth century the Julian Calendar was in vogue under which the New Year began on March 25, and this accounts for the position on the register of the dates 1631 and 1632. Another factor in clearing up the mystery of the two Christophers has been the discovery in the National Library of Wales of a volume which belonged to Wren's father and in the flyleaves of which he entered the names of his eleven children

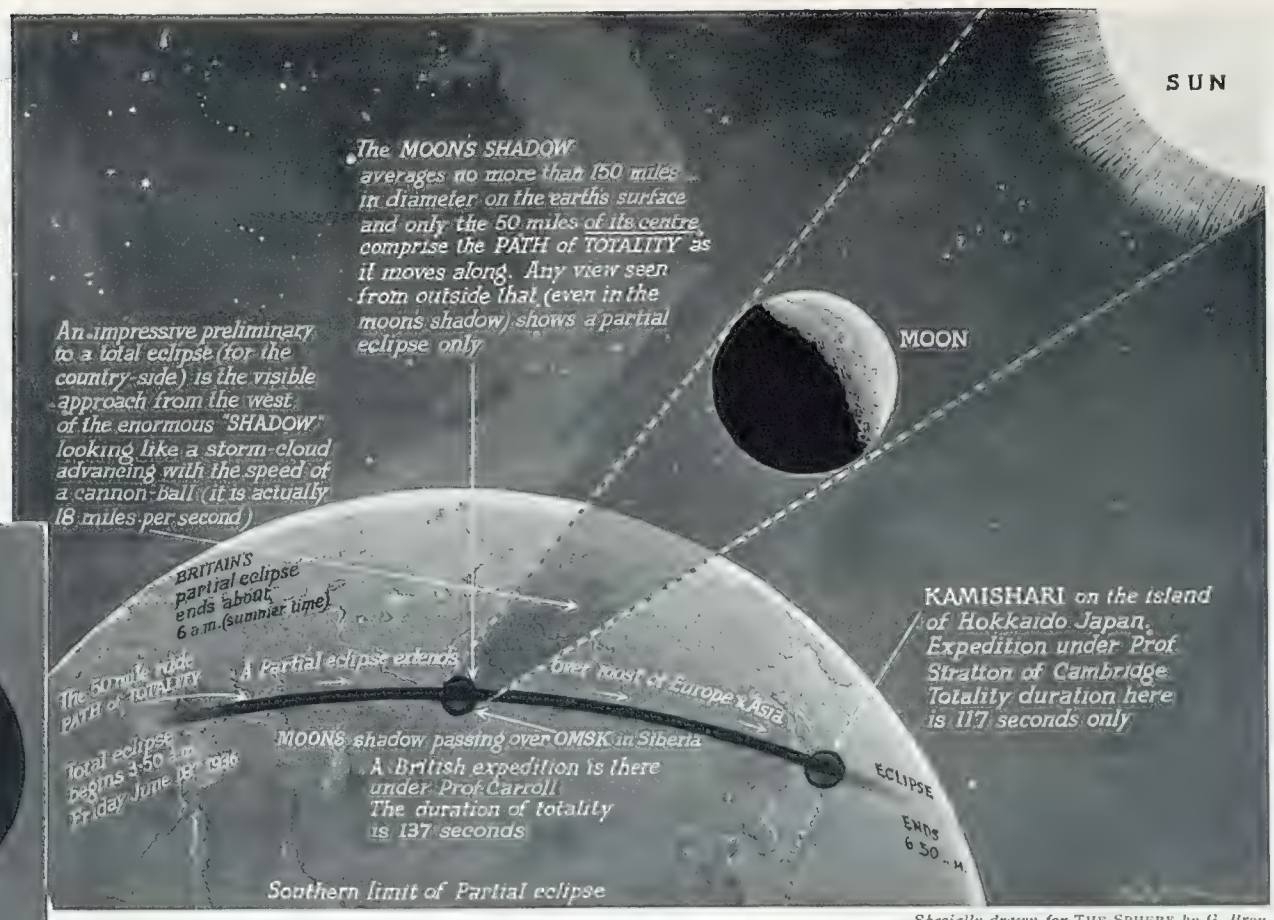
VALUABLE DRAWINGS ACQUIRED BY ST. PAUL'S LIBRARY

Two drawings by Sir Christopher Wren, discovered in an album formerly the property of Sir Thomas Phillips, have been acquired for the Cathedral Library. They were purchased at a sale jointly by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Friends of the National Libraries contributing half the purchase money. The more important of the two—illustrated above—is a section through the dome showing variations on the design of the internal drum, dome, and lantern as finally completed. The design on the left is practically identical with that of the finished Cathedral, though the conception for the Ball and Cross is quite different from that which was actually carried out, and differs again from the present terminal erected by R. and E. Kepp in 1821 from designs by the then Surveyor of the Fabric. The drawing on the right side shows a completely different contour for the inner dome in addition to the lantern; and the attached inset drawing gives a further variation for an attic storey above the cornice at the base of the cupola. The drawing measures 21 in. by 15 in., and has a scale upon the left side giving the proposed altitude from the Church floor.—G. H.

THE SUN'S TOTAL ECLIPSE

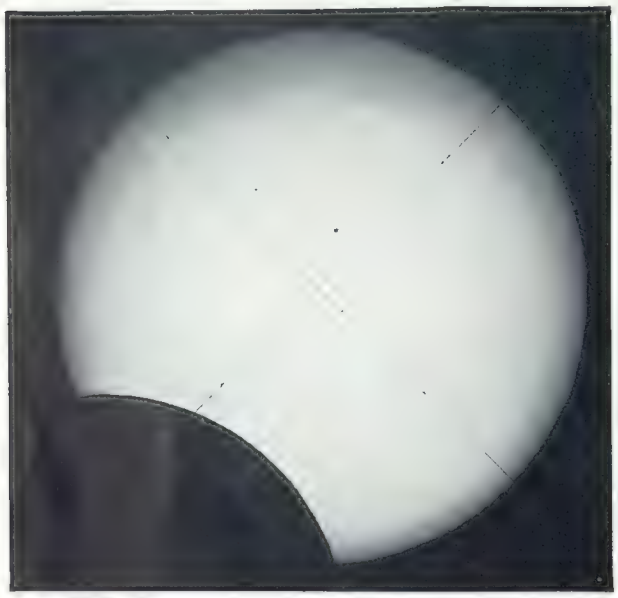
Astronomers Gather in Many Parts of the World to Observe the Phenomenon



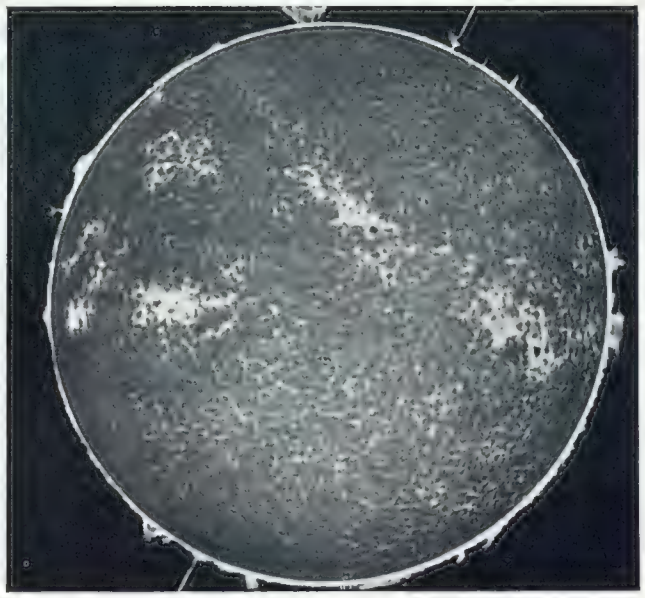


Specially drawn for THE SPHERE *by G. Bron*

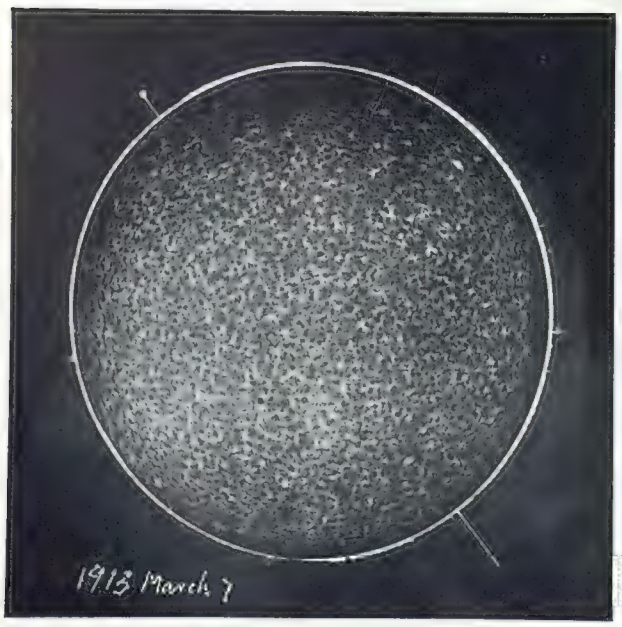
PRECIOUS MOMENTS FOR THE ASTRONOMER: This diagram shows the path of totality of this week's eclipse of the sun which followed a curving line across Southern Europe and Asia before ending in mid-Pacific, and along which astronomers gathered to observe the phenomenon. There were two official British expeditions; one led by Professor Carroll at Omsk, Siberia; and another led by Professor F. J. M. Stratton at Kamishari, Japan. *On left*—"Baily's Beads," the phenomenon which depends upon the inequalities of the moon's surface and which was first noted by Francis Baily in the 1836 eclipse

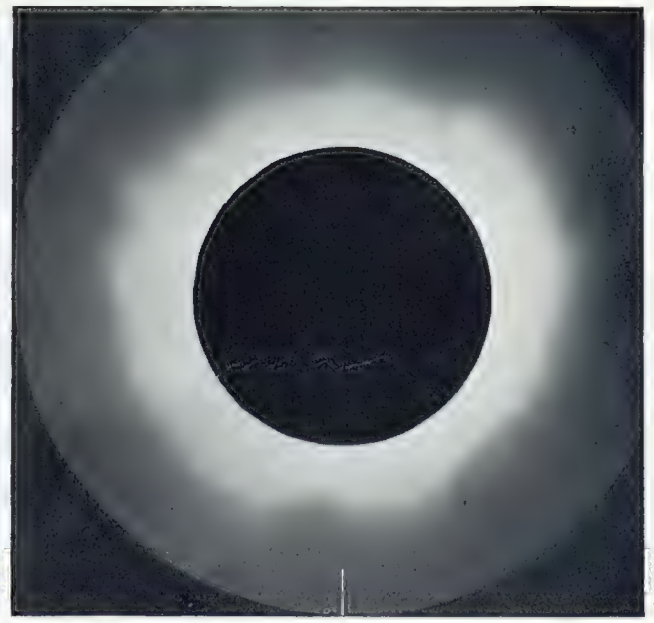


A PARTIAL ECLIPSE IN PROGRESS: Until the lunar disk completely covers the solar disk, the corona (or exterior envelope of the sun) does not shine forth, for at its brightest it is only about one-millionth the strength of sunlight and it is therefore only on the rare occasions of totality that it is not overwhelmed by the general glare



NEAR SOLAR MAXIMUM: A picture of the sun taken by spectroscopic methods in January, 1918, at a time when sunspots and massed calcium clouds (flocculi) on the sun's disk, and the flame-like prominencies at the sun's edge were prevalent. This activity bears a very definite relationship to the shape of the corona, the constitution of which remains a mystery





THE SUN AND ITS OUTER ENVELOPE: Two more illustrations showing the relationship between the shape of the corona and the general degree of solar activity. *Left*—The sun at solar minimum when sunspots and calcium clouds are few. At this juncture the corona is concentrated in long streamers. *Right*—The corona's shape at sunspot maximum when it is spread uniformly round the sun. A picture taken during the critical two seconds or so at the beginning of totality

The track of the total eclipse of the sun on June 19 commenced in the Mediterranean and passed in about 3 hrs. across Greece, Turkey, S. Russia, Siberia, and Japan to end over the Pacific Ocean. In the middle of the most favourable part of the track, about 82 miles in breadth, the sun appeared totally eclipsed for 152 seconds; during totality astronomers of various expeditions hoped to secure their observations for which preparations were made many months before.

Over a much less limited path of the earth's surface the sun was seen partly eclipsed. In this country, for instance, the sun's disk at maximum eclipse phase (about 5 hrs. 15 mins. summer time) was a little more than half obscured by the dark body of the moon.

Two chief expeditions left this country for the track of totality. Professor Stratton of the Solar Physics Observatory, Cambridge, has gone to the island of Hokkaido, Japan, and Professor Carroll of the Aberdeen University to Omsk, Siberia.

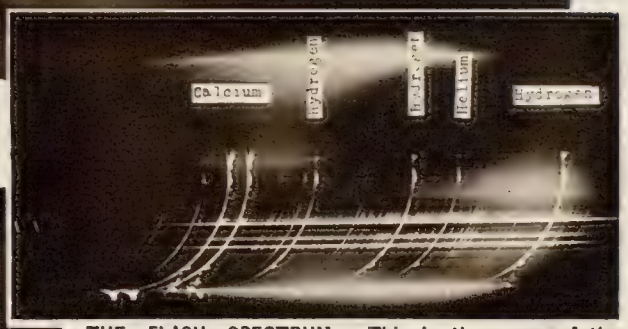
A total solar eclipse offers a unique opportunity for solar research. The sun's outermost atmosphere—the corona—then becomes visible. There are the problems of the corona's changing shape and of its constitution, especially the identity of its gaseous element known as "coronium." It is probable that coronium will eventually turn out to be a well-known terrestrial element existing in the solar atmosphere under conditions that evade laboratory research at present.

To the astrophysicist the sun is in effect a celestial laboratory in which the behaviour of matter, under conditions unattainable in our laboratories, can be studied from the earth by the spectroscopic analysis of the sun's radiation. A total eclipse of the sun, as exemplified by the accompanying illustrations, is of special importance to these studies.

THE CORONA WITH ITS POLAR PLUMES AND 5,000,000-MILE STREAMERS

Interesting Aspects of Solar Activity Revealed During a Total Eclipse—Significance of the Flash Spectrum

THE MYSTERIOUS CORONA WHOSE GASEOUS CONSTITUTION IS A SUBJECT OF RESEARCH: A remarkable picture taken during a total eclipse and at a time when sunspots were few, a circumstance that coincides with the concentration of the corona or outer envelope in individual streamers instead of spreading uniformly round the sun, and also coincides with the presence of plumes at the poles. Individual streamers extend as far as 5,000,000 miles



THE FLASH SPECTRUM: This is the name of the phenomenon that takes place a few seconds before and after totality, for it is at these instants, when the sun appears as the slenderest of crescents, that part of the sun's atmosphere is seen in profile. The light from this crescent, on being passed through a prism is split up to form separate images each of which the scientist identifies with an element in the sun. In the portion of the flash spectrum in this picture calcium, hydrogen, and helium are represented

Reproduced by permission of The Astronomer Royal

THE INCREASING SUNSPOTS: This week's eclipse was probably of intermediate type, with the Corona neither spread uniformly round the sun nor concentrated outstandingly in streamers—a fact that is evidenced by the number and size of the sunspots which have been gradually growing since the minimum of the eleven year solar cycle in 1933, and which will reach their maximum development in 1938. In this picture, taken in January, the large spot in the bottom right-hand portion of the disc covers 2,000 millions of square miles

THE "OLD" MOON seen before sunrise within about three days' travel in her orbit around the earth necessary to bring her into "conjunction" with the sun: She thereupon becomes a "new" moon and emerges after sunset, again as a narrow crescent, but with the direction of the horns reversed. This conjunction of sun and moon takes place, every month, but on certain occasions, the conditions are such that the earth, moon and sun pass into exact alignment, and an eclipse of the sun occurs

THE HEART OF THE

CLASSIC GRACE: Adelphi Terrace, one of the architectural sights of London erected by the Adam Brothers between 1768 and 1771, as it was in its heyday. From the time it was completed the Terrace was the haunt of London's intelligentsia. Topham Beauclerk, bibliophile and friend of Johnson, lived at No. 5; Robert and James Adam lived at No. 4 and David Garrick rented No. 5

LAYING THE DUST: Playing a hose on one of the half demolished houses in an effort to clear the air for the benefit of the men at work on one of the walls

"WHEN the moon was at the full," writes a correspondent, "I saw the broken walls of the famous terrace standing gaunt against the sky. The demolition men seemed to pause when they approached the actual doorway marked with the red plaque telling one that here once lived David Garrick, the great actor. Probably the work was only going on elsewhere, but so it seemed. The pause gave one another day or so's memorising, time to recall the things that had been—the splendours of Garrick's rooms when in their prime. It is fairly easy to do, for the work which Chippendale did for Garrick happens to be recorded in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Oliver Brackett, in his life of Thomas Chippendale, gives a full account of the various pieces.

DICKENSIAN LONDON: A glimpse of the cobbled streets of Adelphi Arches which in former times carried the traffic from the wharves to the level of the Strand, passing beneath the stately houses of the Terrace

"Unlike the Harewood and Nostell bills, which give no order or position to the items described, the Garrick accounts state clearly the contents of each room in the house. The drawing-room had papered walls finished with a gilt leaf border and fringed curtains of green silk damask; gilt mirrors were hung on the walls and the furniture consisted of chairs and a sofa japanned green and yellow. The dining-parlour had mahogany furniture suitable for its purpose with twelve chairs having seats of red morocco leather finished with two rows of brass nails, and a sideboard with term feet flanked by pedestals of the type in common use at this date, the one designed as a plate warmer and the other intended to contain bottles. The principal bedroom was elaborately fitted up with curtains of crimson damask and furniture japanned green and yellow. In this room, further, was a strange composite structure described as follows:

' "'To a very large Inlaid Case of Fustick & fine black Rosewood with Sundry other ornaments curiously Inlaid with various fine woods, the middle part to hold a Bed, the Ends for Shelves, Cloakpins, Night Tables, etc. enclosed with Doors, very neat Shap'd Doors with Carv'd ornaments hung with pin hinges on Sliding parts, Glaz'd with Looking Glass & back'd with mahogany, very neat carv'd Cornice Japan'd to match the Fustick Wood etc.'

"It is plain from the accounts that the furnishing was done by direct consultation between Chippendale and Garrick, for there are many references to repairing and cleaning furniture and to work of general usefulness throughout the house. After Garrick's death in 1779 his wife continued to live in Adelphi Terrace for many years. Her death occurred in 1822 at the age of ninety-seven, and after that date the furniture made by the firm of Chippendale seems to have been sold and cannot now be traced." Only the beautiful painted or enamelled furniture from Garrick's riverside villa fortunately remains in national custody.

"Close by was the famous Temple of Health to which the preposterous

UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES: To the wanderer in the Adelphi its twists and turns and corners are full of the unexpected. Who would think to see, for instance, the window of a house on looking up from the blackness through one of the ventilation holes

ADELPHI COTTAGES: *Left*—This lower part of the south front of the old Terrace which will soon have vanished for ever, was divided into a series of rooms to which light entered by lunettes set half way up the wall and which were used by the tenants for a variety of purposes, but particularly as storage places. *Right*—The entrance to the cottages under one of the arches, no easy place to find.

ADELPHI VANISHES

Amid the Crash of Falling Beams and Rolling Clouds of Dust

THE BEGINNING OF THE END: The Terrace as it is to-day with its famous houses almost demolished, and the vast bulk of Shell-Mex House dominating the background. The wall still standing formed part of David Garrick's house from which many treasures have been preserved, including the plaster-work ceiling in the drawing-room decorated with medallions by Antonio Zucchi, A.R.A., husband of the more celebrated Angelica Kauffman, which has been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum as a gift from the Adelphi Development Company

ABOVE A SMOKING FUMAROLE: The dust of ages escaping through a ventilation hole from the arches and emerging into the central courtyard between the houses of the Terrace and of John Street. An aspect of the demolition work which of recent weeks has been proceeding apace. *Below*—INFERNO OF CRASHING BEAMS AND ROLLING CLOUDS OF DUST: A remarkable picture, specially taken for "The Sphere", looking upwards through the ventilators. Much of this space was formerly used for storing wine

Dr. Graham attracted the credulous. Amid satin sofas on glass legs one was to acquire health by miraculous means, and here where the dust rises in clouds came Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, to pose as Vestina, the Goddess of Health, and preside at the doctor's evening lectures.

"As I watched a man trying to damp down the fall of dust with a hose, memory recalled a visit of Fanny Burney to this now bespattered and despoiled terrace.

"In her diary she writes: 'We went yesterday to make a round of *visits*, and drank tea at Lady Dalston's, a very old acquaintance of both my father and mother. I shall take notice of only two of the houses we stopt at. And first we were so happy as to be let in at Mr. Garrick's and saw his new house in the Adelphi Buildings, a sweet situation. The house is large and most elegantly fitted up.'

"Later, I penetrated to the 'dark arches' below, determined, if possible, to find the mysterious entrance to the 'Adelphi Cottages,' one of the strangest postal addresses in London. These 'cottages' were commodious, under-roadway rooms which had very fine views of garden and river; but how to locate their long-hidden entrance? I advanced into the darkness of the Adelphi's underworld. Into the Stygian blackness came light filtering through a grilled oubliette, into which a still-curtained window looked down. A few steps farther to the right

(Cont. on p. 534)

AN UNDERGROUND STORE ROOM: One of the rooms in Adelphi cottages whose very existence is unknown to many Londoners. Another quaint aspect of life below the Terrace

FEWER BABIES

Some Aspects of a Problem that will have to be Faced in the Not Far Distant Future

IS it conceivable that, in a not impossibly distant future, the question of population will transcend all others, and that the Prime Minister of the day will address a hushed House of Commons somewhat as follows :—

> "The position is extremely grave. Our predecessors were not harassed as we are with this pressing problem of population. Unused to thinking along the lines to which we are now growing sadly accustomed, they did not foresee that the alarming fall in the birth-rate from about 1931 onwards would in these present years reduce us practically to powerlessness—no men to man our ships; no men to fill the ranks of His Majesty's Army if we are to remain a Great Power."

Or, alternatively, let us suppose the Prime Minister of the future to be addressing the House in this manner :—

> "The problem of the growth of Greater London has now assumed a gravity which makes it a matter of national importance. The unchecked flow of industry to the south has now given the area controlled by the L.C.C. and those vast districts known as Greater London a population of some 15,000,000."

Such a state of affairs may appear farcical, but it is by no means impossible. Already there are signs that the authorities are far from easy in their minds, either in respect to the birth-rate—on which our future depends—or in regard to the amazing growth of Greater London. The population of the area controlled by the L.C.C. is already upwards of 4,000,000, while the Greater London area—which runs roughly from Hertford and Ware in the north to Warlingham in the south, and from Dagenham in the east to Uxbridge and Staines in the west—accounts for upwards of another 4,000,000. Taking other towns not included in the Greater London area, some 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 people are already centred on London.

Meantime, the birth-rate of the country as a whole is indisputably falling. On this question it is really confusing to employ too many of what Lord Randolph Churchill called "those damned dots." Suffice it to say that in happier days the birth-rate was as high as 36 per 1,000. It has now fallen in England and Wales to approximately 14 per 1,000. In London it has fallen as low as 13 per 1,000. And while census figures are compiled with amazing care and accuracy, even the figures of the last census, which was taken at midnight on Sunday, April 26, 1931, may not be strictly accurate. As a result of that census the population of England and Wales was given as 39,937,931 persons. But it is interesting to learn that on that night there may have been as many as 60,000 unregistered babies who would not be included.

Now this total of 39,000,000 odd represented an excess of the total of the census of 1921 by 2,061,232. This showed a net decennial rate of increase of 5·52 per cent. This numeral increase, states the preliminary report on the census of 1931, is less than that of any decennium since 1861 (when the population was but half its present dimensions), with the sole exception of the war decade, 1911–21; while the percentage increase, with the same exception, is only half or less than half of any previously recorded. But for the exceptional loss of men during the war, the decennial rate of increase would have been the lowest recorded in England and Wales since census-taking was introduced in 1801. At this point it is just as well to draw the reader's attention to the official figures since the taking of censuses was begun (see table).

Now 39,000,000 seems a respectable figure, and it must be borne in mind that these figures apply only to England and Wales. In the Registrar-General's Statistical Review of England and Wales for 1933 issued recently, he gives the total population of Great Britain and Northern Ireland as 46,533,000. This again sounds satisfactory, but one has to take into account the almost sensational drop in the birth-rate of recent years. According again to the Registrar-General's Statistical Review the live births registered during 1933 numbered 580,413, corresponding to a birth-rate of 14·4 per 1,000 of the population living. The number of births is 33,559 less than those of 1932.

The current birth-rate of 14·4 per 1,000 is the lowest so far attained in the records of this country. The recent fall in the rate had been showing signs of slackening its pace in immediately preceding years, and it might have been inferred from the rates for 1929 and 1930—16·3 in both—that the particular phase of movement associated with post-war adjustments was drawing to a close. The 1931, 1932, and 1933 returns, however, showed a further decline.

The birth-rate in this country attained its highest values since the commencement of civil registration during the period 1865–1880, when it exceeded 35 per 1,000 population, and from that time it diminished by gradual and practically continuous stages to 23·8 in 1914. The present rate of 14·4 per 1,000 is considerably less than half the maximum figure of 36·3 per 1,000 recorded in 1876. Now the effect of the decrease in the birth-rate is not observable for a long period of years. Unfortunately, the effect—if one can so employ the term—gathers momentum as the years go on. And there is no doubt that the decrease in the population will proceed to take effect before long. The question is: At what point shall we begin to see the shrinkage?

The inquiries on which this article is based were begun as the result of a statement made in a report issued by the Carnegie Trust, on the subject of land settlement and unemployment. In the course of this report it is stated that "the population of Great Britain will reach its maximum during the present year, after which there will be a progressively rapid decline so that the population in 1976 would be about 32,500,000."

The birth-rate is falling in many European countries, but in Germany and Italy it is increasing at a rapid pace. The baby crop so sedulously sown by Hitler will not be reaped to the full benefit for another ten or fifteen years.

By that time we in this country shall have an undue proportion of the elderly and the very young. It would seem, indeed, that if we are to continue to exist as a Great Power there is as much need to give attention to the birth-rate as to economics and armaments.

Edward Bradden

VITAL POPULATION STATISTICS

1801—1931

The Rise in the Number of Inhabitants in England and Wales

Date of Enumeration	Population
1801	8,892,536
1811	10,164,256
1821	12,000,236
1831	13,896,797
1841	15,914,148
1851	17,927,224
1861	20,066,224
1871	22,712,266
1881	25,947,394
1891	29,002,525
1901	32,527,843
1911	36,070,492
1921	37,886,699
1931	39,947,931

1930—1934

The Increase in Population Per Thousand Recorded in Various Countries

	1930	1932	1934
Argentine	16·9	16·1	13·5
Austria	3·3	1·3	0·9
Belgium	5·5	4·5	—
Canada	13·2	12·6	—
France	2·4	1·5	1·0
Germany	6·8	4·3	7·1
Holland	14·0	13·0	13·3
India	8·3	7·6	—
Italy	12·6	9·1	10·1
Japan	14·3	15·2	—
Jugoslavia	16·5	13·6	—
Poland	16·7	13·7	12·3
Sweden	3.7	2·9	—
Union of South Africa	16·7	14·2	13·8
United Kingdom	5·1	3·5	3·3
United States	7·6	6·5	—

Figures of the Registrar General's Statistical Review of England and Wales for 1934 show that 597,642 births were registered during 1934, being over 14 per 1,000 of the population. The proportion of the sexes was very nearly equal, being 1,055 males to 1,000 females. Only Sweden (13·7) and Austria (13·5) had lower birth-rates in 1934. Big birth-rates were registered in Rumania (32·4), Spain (26·3), and Italy (23·4). Germany's rate was 18, France's 16·1

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION

Miss Round and Miss Jacobs

A TALENTED QUARTETTE

Miss Hardwick and Miss Stammers

HEROINE OF GREAT BRITAIN'S WIGHTMAN CUP EFFORT: Three characteristic action pictures of Miss Dorothy Round who put up such a magnificent performance last week in defeating Miss Helen Jacobs 6-3, 6-3, and Mrs. M. Fabyan 6-3, 6-4, the American first and second strings. Miss Round is clearly back to the form that won her the Wimbledon Championship in 1934 and her conclusive cross-court volleying and exquisite backhand driving are features of her game that could hardly be improved. Her play, while seldom spectacular, is at its best characterised by a remarkable sureness of touch that might almost be likened to that of an expert billiards player. The big occasion has no terrors for her and, indeed, she may be said to be most at home on the Centre Court

HELEN II: Impressions of Miss Jacobs—the centre picture showing the follow through at the end of a backhand chop, a stroke that has been instrumental in accounting for so many opponents. She has four times been in the final of the Wimbledon singles and some call her the best player who has never won the title, but this year she has an outstanding chance of success as her great rival Mrs. Moody, who beat her in 1935, will not be competing. Her rather subdued play in the Wightman Cup was not surprising as she was in need of practice, and, it should be remembered, seldom reaches her best form till mid-season

A PROMISING NEW-COMER TO INTERNATIONAL TENNIS: Four studies of Miss Mary Hardwick, whose selection to play for Great Britain against the United States last week was not so much a result of her performances this season as it was a recognition of her undoubted talent, which, if developed along the right lines, should make her a powerful factor in the game during the next few years. Her serving is phenomenal, and in her Wightman Cup match, which she lost 4—6, 6—4, 2—6, she "aced" Miss Carolyn Babcock on several occasions with services that hardly rose at all. In dealing with craftily-placed lobs, however, she was not so much at home, often returning them low into the net. Miss Hardwick's graceful backhand is evidenced in the illustration on extreme right

PERSONALITY, CHARM, BRILLIANCE, AND INCONSISTENCY: These are perhaps the four most outstanding characteristics of Miss Katharine Stammers, a player with perfect court manners, and consequently a great favourite with the crowds, who is always a delight to watch, who one day can beat the best and on the next falls unaccountably against an opponent of lower calibre. Her driving is sometimes almost masculine in its power, and when her touch is sure, as it was in her match against Miss Helen Jacobs, few players can stick the pace she sets and their only hope lies in attempting to slow up the game by judicious lobbing to the baseline. *Left*—Racing to pick up a short one near the net. *Centre*—A characteristic volley. *Right*—A reminder of the days when she wore the full skirt

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THE ANTI-JEWISH RIOTS

Eight British Infantry Battalions Engaged in Maintaining Law and

READY FOR ACTION: Troops at the Tower of David, Jerusalem, waiting to be called out in case of trouble. Although a curfew has been instituted, the streets having to be clear of citizens at a certain hour in the evening, the Arabs have continued to disturb the peace in an attempt to terrorise the Government into granting their high-handed demands for the cessation of Jewish immigration

THE SEARCH FOR ARMS: A British military policeman raising an Arab's rifle from a housetop into the crowd collected in the fruit and vegetable market near the scene while at about the same time raiders made attacks on the Jewish colo

A BRITISH VICTIM: Members of the force carrying into Mount Zion Cemetery the coffin of Mr. R. A. Bird, the first British policeman killed during the riots. He was buried in the evening of the day of his death

On left—PALESTINE'S CLAPHAM JUNCTION: Soldiers on duty on one of the platforms at Lydda, a station of great importance, as from it trains run south to Gaza, north to Haifa, east to Jerusalem, and west to Jaffa. There have been several disturbances here, and some days ago an Arab threw a bomb into a 3rd-class coach which was full of passengers, mostly Jews. Fourteen were injured

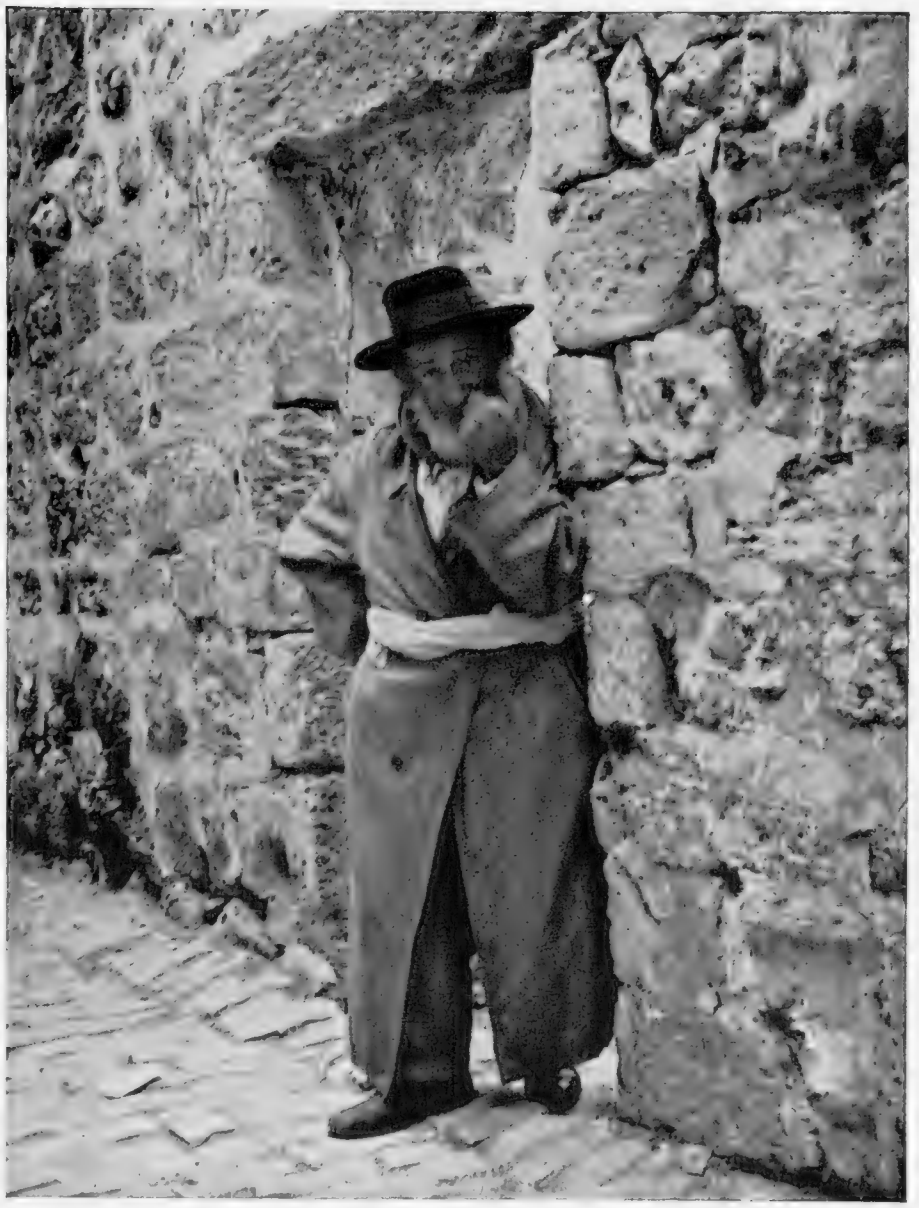
REINFORCEMENTS FROM EGYPT: Colonel Evetts, M.C. (left), accompanied by Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire Regiments. The defence of Palestine falls u ensuring order is in the hands of two squadrons of aircraft, four sectio 2nd Battalion the Dorset Regiment, on June 11, however, the number of bat Seaforth Highlanders, the Loyal Regiment, the York and Lancasters, and the

S CONTINUE IN PALESTINE

nd Order—Jews Leave Jerusalem Following Further Arab Outrages

's)lez—a favourite place for hiding revolvers and ammunition. A picture taken in the he scene of countless outrages of recent months. Last week a bomb was thrown from t hear the Jaffa Gate, more than sixteen persons being injured, eight of them seriously, h colonies of Tel Yosef Ain Harod, Shalta, and Beit Alpha, in the valley of Jezreel

nied by other officers, as he awaited the arrival at Jerusalem Station of men of the e falls under the Middle East Command of the R.A.F. and, in normal times, the work of sections of armoured cars, and two battalions of infantry. With the arrival of the of battalions was brought up to eight, and these include the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the nd the Cameron Highlanders. The garrisons may have to be strengthened still further



PERSECUTED EVEN IN THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS: An aged Jew watching for a chance to make a get-away during an Arab demonstration in the Holy City—a picture that epitomises the plight of the chosen race whose effort to make Palestine a national home is being so violently opposed by the Arabs in spite of the assurances of the British Government

EXODUS FROM THE HOLY CITY: A forlorn party of Jews walking through the streets of Jerusalem on the way to safer quarters and carrying the few belongings they managed to gather together in their haste

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On right—AN ARAB VANTAGE POINT: An aerial view of the old war trenches overlooking the Jaffa Road, just to the west of Jerusalem, where armed bands of agitators recently took up position in order to ambush convoys. For several days they managed to bring traffic to a standstill, but were eventually dislodged by the Cameron Highlanders who made a determined assault on the hillside. One soldier was wounded and three Arabs were killed in the fighting that ensued

Marion Zionchek, the Eccentric Senator

The Man Who Gave Three Empty Beer Bottles to the President, and Whose Exploits Have Electrified America

FOLLOWING a gift of three empty beer bottles to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, which he drove to the White House to leave for the President, U.S. Representative Marion Zionchek, of Seattle, Washington, was arrested in Washington, D.C., and confined in the Gallinger Hospital, where his sanity is under observation.

In general, the "sunny South" has excelled in sending extraordinary characters to Congress. There was Huey Long of Louisiana, for example, who was so extraordinary that he finally met an assassin's bullet, an event exceedingly rare in American political annals. And to-day there is U.S. Senator ("The Man") Bilbo of Mississippi, who is credited with having told the voters of his State, during his recent campaign for election to the Senate, that, when he was Governor of Mississippi, they didn't have any floods. But there have been few characters in American political history as picturesque as Zionchek.

On a recent visit to New York City he and his recent bride took off their shoes and stockings and waded in the fountain in Rockefeller Plaza.

Among his recent exploits, Zionchek has demanded the arrest of Vice-President John Garner on the charge of hiding Mrs. Zionchek, who disappeared recently. He also asked President Roosevelt to call out an army machine-gun squad to bombard an hotel in Washington, D.C., where he thought his bride was hiding. He further demanded the arrest of his landlady, whom he accused of stealing his watch. And he has violated all the traffic ordinances there are, torn the fenders off his roadster, and nearly run over a traffic officer.

In addition to his gift of empty beer bottles, he has presented the President with a package of mothballs and an empty tin which once contained ping-pong balls.

In Pittsburgh, recently, he and his bride engaged in a midnight battle with their landlady who was seeking to eject them. While a large crowd watched from the street, guarded by policemen, the Zioncheks won the battle, the landlady claiming severe injuries. It was believed that her arm was broken.

On the day of his arrest in Washington he is said to have driven as much as 60 miles an hour through a crowded street, and to have driven for the length of a block on the sidewalk. It was stated that he had spent the morning worrying about his vanished bride and drinking "Zionchek zippers," a concoction of rye whisky and honey. The Representative's eyes were bleary, his right foot could not find the brake pedal, and he himself expressed fear of delirium tremens. Pursued by police, he flew to the Naval Hospital, where he hoped to find treatment that would relieve him of the effects of his "Zionchek zippers." There he was arrested. He had a red billiard ball in his pocket.

At the Gallinger Hospital he was undressed, clad in grey pyjamas, and confined to a ward commonly reserved for violent cases. He then demanded to see the press, and the newspaper men were sent for.

"I am not crazy," he told them; "and I am not drunk. Hell, I drink too much water to get drunk. These pyjamas itch."

At this point, internes ended the interview while Zionchek scuffled with a physician who sought to put him to bed.

* * *

Our American correspondent also sends details of the recent American Census. The estimated population of the United States on July 1 of this year was 127,521,000, he says. This compares with the official census figure of 122,755,046 for April 1, 1930, an increase of 4,765,954, or 3·9 per cent., in a little more than five years.

The tendency of the country's population to shift from the east to the west, which merited special notice in 1930, has decreased. Increases in States south of the Ohio River and East of the Mississippi were relatively small. Urban population has tended to increase because of difficult conditions in the rural areas.

In five years the population of the State of New York has increased from 12,588,066 to 12,889,000; that of the State of Pennsylvania from 9,631,350 to 10,066,000. They are the two most populous States in the country. The population of the State of New Jersey showed but a small increase; from 4,041,334 to 4,288,000. The greatest increase, 22 per cent., was in Washington, D.C., and was attributable to the large influx of governmental employees under the New Deal.

Florida's population increased 9·9 per cent., notwithstanding cyclones. The "extremely backward" States of South Carolina and Georgia increased 15·7 per cent. and 15 per cent. respectively. The smallest increases were in Ohio and Louisiana, ·9 per cent. each.

The population of eleven States decreased. They were Arizona, California, Kansas, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Rhode Island, South Dakota, and Wisconsin.

The actual increase is probably less than the estimate, Austin stated.

Nelson Springer

"TORSO OF A WOMAN": A work by the noted sculptor, C. Demetriadis, which has been much admired by visitors to the Greek Pavilion at the International Art Exhibition, Venice, where Prince Nicholas, the Duchess of Kent's father, is also showing. The opening was quite an event and was attended by the French Ambassador, the German Ambassador, and other Ministers

COUNTESS ELIZABETH FURSTENBERG: An example of the portraiture of Tony Luccarda at the International Art Exhibition, Venice. The sitter is a member of a well-known Austrian family

"L'ACCROCHE-CŒUR": This portrait by Henri de Toulouse Lautrec is in the "Corot to Cezanne" Exhibition which opened on June 3 and is drawing art-loving London to the Lefevre Galleries

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS AND PRINCESS PALATINE OF BAVARIA: Hyacinth Regaud's portrait of the second wife of Philip of Orleans, son of Louis XIII, who had first been unhappily married to Henrietta, sister of Charles II of England. The picture was formerly in the Bonaventure Collection and was recently auctioned at the Anderson Galleries, New York

How Altitude Affects Everest Climbers

When Even the Smallest Extra Effort Becomes Repugnant and Danger Is Looked Upon with Indifference

ALL the serious climbing on Mount Everest occurs above 21,000 ft. Steep ice is encountered on approaching the fourth camp, at 23,000 ft. on the North Col. Then, after a comparatively easy interval, the mountain again becomes difficult at about 28,000 ft., where the Great Couloir has to be crossed. It is, therefore, in approaching the Great Couloir that altitude becomes a really formidable factor—perhaps even prohibitive.

But this is not to say that altitude does not count below 28,000 ft. Far from it. Norton, the leader in 1924, one of the very few men who have climbed to 28,000 ft., has stated that most people do not feel fully normal, even as low as 15,000 ft. Indeed, before the war, when no one knew whether men could climb to 25,000 ft. and live, nothing was known of acclimatisation, and most mountaineers believed that the only way of climbing a big Himalayan peak was to rush it in a short series of long forced marches. At that time to camp at 23,000 ft. seemed only just within the limits of human endurance. Nowadays, on the contrary, with acclimatisation, and the confidence gained from previous experience, the Everest climbers think little of such relatively trifling altitudes, and none of them anticipates much suffering below 23,000 ft. Higher up, however, there is a difference, and it is still arguable that no one can reach the summit of Everest without the assistance of oxygen. Above a height of 27,000 ft. headaches and nausea, or at least a distaste for food, are commonly experienced, simple operations like turning over in bed, cooking a meal, or stooping to fasten a bootlace are all exhausting efforts that bring on violent palpitations and breathlessness, so that in climbing it is generally necessary to pause to gasp for breath after every few steps. This violent inhaling of the deadly cold air at extreme altitudes is dangerous, too, for it causes a chilling of the whole system which may prove fatal.

Norton, in describing his ascent to 28,000 ft., refers to the curious psychological effect of altitude. Everyone is sunk in apathy, the landscape is hardly noticed, and assumes the aspect of a scene in a nightmare. Even the smallest extra effort becomes repugnant, danger is regarded with indifference, and the slightest care exercised in taking a reasonable precaution seems hardly worth while. Smythe, whose state was such at 28,000 ft. that he saw visions in the sky, has explained how a small knob of rock on which he was standing gave way. Only his ice-axe which happened to be anchored in a crack saved him from destruction. Yet at the time the affair seemed only a trivial incident, for altitude was dulling his brain.

Under such conditions unless acclimatisation can be carried much further than has been thought possible hitherto, difficult rock climbing is out of the question. Oxygen could be used, of course, but it is difficult to climb while wearing an apparatus that is rather more complicated to manage than a gas mask.

Probably the worst danger in connection with altitude is the chance of a party being caught high up the mountain in one of the terribly sudden gales which occur on Everest. The westerly wind may rise to a hurricane at a moment's notice out of a clear blue sky, and the deficiency of oxygen in the air increases most dangerously the climbers' susceptibility to frostbite. Owing to this danger an astonishing amount of clothes is necessary. Smythe, for instance, wore a Shetland vest, a thick flannel shirt, a thick camel's hair sweater, six light Shetland pullovers, two long pairs of Shetland drawers, flannel trousers, and over all a silk-lined, wind-proof suit, his head being protected by a light Shetland Balaclava helmet, and a cloth helmet as well. On his feet he had four pairs of Shetland socks or stockings, and on his hands two pairs of the thickest gloves.

It may now be asked what hope is there of overcoming the debilitating effects of altitude. It certainly seems that everything depends on acclimatisation. Acclimatisation was so successfully carried out by Ruttledge in the expedition of 1933 that the men who slept in the highest camp actually found themselves ravenous for solid foods, and spurned the invalid diet hitherto considered suitable for such heights. Acclimatisation seems possible for some men, even above 23,000 ft. It is doubtful, however, how much higher it can operate. No one was surprised when a climber who had spent a week in Camp 5 at 25,000 ft. was found to be considerably in need of medical attention, and most of those who took part in the high attempts suffered from strained hearts, although they rapidly recovered at more normal levels.

Unfortunately there is a process of deterioration as well as of acclimatisation. According to a clever analogy of Dr. Hingston's, the interaction of acclimatisation and deterioration resembles the interaction of a drunkard's increasing toleration of alcohol with an accompanying undermining of his general health. There is in both cases a struggle between the two tendencies, and the results vary in different individuals.

C. F. Meade

RENOVATION WORK at the GRAND TRIANON and PETIT TRIANON

Faithful Reproductions in Colour and Texture of the Original Fabrics Help to Restore the Royal Apartments to their Pristine Dignity and Splendour

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S CABINET DE TOILETTE: Thanks to the generosity of the late M. Paul Marmottan, the noted art connoisseur after whom the Marmottan Museum in Paris is named, this room in the Petit Trianon at Versailles has been restored to the exact appearance it had in the days of the tragic Queen. Authentic documents have assisted considerably in the making of modern reproductions of the original fabrics, but, in the case of the curtains, the discovery of a tiny piece of silk material attached to a nail by the window—all that remained after the departure of the looting mobs—gave the restorers an invaluable clue as to the design and colour. The chairs and writing desk are signed pieces by Jacob and Joseph, and the portrait on the wall is of Louis XVII

THE SALON DU ROI: The six armchairs, the settee, and the screen in this room in the Grand Trianon have been re-covered with the finest embossed silk, a material hand-woven by Lyon craftsmen at a cost of £20 a yard and providing an exact copy of the original, being based upon drawings found in an old inventory of the Crown. This furniture fabric consists of rose bouquets and silver ribbons against a blue background, and now the art historians are also attempting to ascertain the design of the curtains, as M. Paul Marmottan's bequest was of such proportions that it is not yet exhausted, ample money being left for carrying out the work. Many museums in France have benefited largely under the will of this distinguished art connoisseur. Malmaison and the Army Museum, for instance, have each received 1,000,000 francs; Versailles has received 600,000 francs; the Carnavalet 500,000; Sèvres 500,000; and the Arts Decoratifs 300,000; In addition M. Marmottan left to the nation his house in the Rue Louis-Boilly which he and his father had transformed into a veritable treasure house of the arts

DRAMA AND FILMS OF

CROOKS AND COMEDY AT THE APOLLO: *Left*—Edwin Styles with Marion Lorne as the jewel thief, in Walter Hackett's entertaining play, *The Fugitives*, which has just begun what promises to be a long and successful run. *Right*—Alfred Miller and Spencer Trevor, whose witty interchanges are one of the features of the show

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE: Two episodes from *Winter Sunshine*, which came to the Royalty last week and has as its theme life on board a liner. *Left*—Mignon O'Doherty and Archibald Batty, who provide the comic relief. *Right*—Athene Seyler as Sophie Lucas, who pokes her finger into every pie, and Nicholas Hannen as the blind adventurer

A KIPLING STORY SCREENED: Toomai, in search of fruit, climbs a bamboo ladder held for him by his sagacious friend the elephant. A fine piece of photography in *Elephant Boy*, the picture which Robert Flaherty (of *Man of Aran* fame) is now completing in India for London Film Productions and which is based on the famous tale *Toomai of the Elephants*

CAN human cruelty go to the length of shutting up a harmless woman in her house for year after year, keeping from her all connection with the outside world, allowing her to get into a tragic state of neglect, mental and physical? Of course it can—and has. I ask the question because of the suggestion that no fiends could be so fiendish as those who imprisoned Dame Sybil Thorndike—rich, kind-hearted, if a little "sloppy"—in her London house, as shown in *Kind Lady* at the Lyric, a play based by Edward Chodorov on a story by Hugh Walpole.

Some of my older readers may recall the Penge mystery, or, at least, may have read of it; for the fact that the late Sir Edward Clarke made his first hit as a promising young barrister by defending some of those fiends indicates that it took place a long time ago. One Harriet Staunton was the real life Dame Sybil of the time.

No, what is wrong with the probabilities of *Kind Lady* is not that a gang of cruel scoundrels should have done what they did, but that they should have been able to continue to do it—in the 'nineteen-thirties—for so long without being found out. That is not an all-important point, provided the play is exciting. It has power and a certain grim interest.

But it is more horrible than exciting. I have seldom in a theatre been so sickened as I was by the loathsome gang who surrounded the old lady, nor so tempted to emulate the unsophisticated playgoer who vaulted over the orchestra and dotted the villain one in the eye. That is a tribute to *Kind Lady*, which certain members of the gallery would not, I think, be disposed to endorse. Probably what annoyed them was that after 2½ hours of villainy triumphant, relief for the victim was indicated only by the ringing of the front door bell.

Obviously here were the police. But we should have seen those nice honest London policemen arresting the foul spongers, or better still, a lot of sailors, cutlasses in hand and waving the Union Jack, or best of all, the Guards Band. "When in doubt," Sir Seymour Hicks used to say in his drama writing days, "bring on the Guards Band."

Dame Sybil evoked both pity and terror in true Aristotelian fashion—a fine study of persecuted womanhood. Mr. Robert Douglas, gallantly sacrificing personal charm to become the villain-in-chief, did so most successfully. Mr. Charles Mortimer and Miss Elfrida Derwent were a perfectly horrible couple, by which I mean that they were very good indeed, and one of the best performances came from Miss Marie Paxton as a maid who smelt a whole lot of rats, though why she did not tell the police at once I cannot say—unless the reason was that had she done so there would have been no play.

"Miss Smith."—The heroine of *Miss Smith* at the Duke of York's is also a kind lady, though of a different type. This might have been a rather noveletty sort of play, but is so well written and so sincere that it just manages to escape.

It is not easy to digest the perfections of Miss Smith herself. She manages efficiently the household in which she is a nursery governess and is a born "boss." She had had an unhappy love affair (entirely her own fault that it was unhappy) and so set about making everyone else happy, like that detestable urchin of the American film-world some years ago, Pollyanna.

She did it on a big scale, too. Her employer was a wealthy business man, whose business suffered from strikes; so she settled them and made *him* happy. The son of the house was in love with a hard-hearted little gold digger (cleverly played by Miss Phyllis Konstam); so she rescued him and made him, if not happy, at least safe. Much credit is due to Miss Olga Lindo for making Miss Admirable Crichton Smith not only tolerable but, like Smee, lovable.

"Winter Sunshine."—The author of *Winter Sunshine* has done at least one bold thing and has done it with success. One of the principal figures is a blind man; yet no sympathy is roused for him. Indeed he is rather a calculating person, given to exploiting his infirmity for his own ends. What is more, this is a comedy part.

If the description suggests the worst of taste I can only emphasise that this is not the case with any part of the play. Mr. Nicholas Hannen's tact and skill helped things magnificently.

Winter Sunshine mainly concerns a clever woman who spends most of her time in ships and dominates the passengers. (Strange how in this latest batch of plays women get most of what is professionally known as "the fat.") Since the woman in question is Miss Athene Seyler her domination is easy to bear. She is a consummate comedienne and has rarely been so well provided for as in this brightly-written comedy at the Royalty.

"Heroes Don't Care."—This is a truly funny play. Much of the fun is destructive, the chief target being the old school tie, Big-White-Carstairs, Noble Empire Builder type of person.

Such targets are easy to hit. But they have never been hit quite so amusingly as by Miss Margot Neville in *Heroes Don't Care* at the St. Martin's. Her chief character is an Arctic explorer and, with the brilliant assistance of Mr. Felix Aylmer, she has made him truly joyous. A pompous, booming person, with all the virtues of courage, kindness, idealism, and the rest of it, the explorer seeks to explore his wife's affections before exploring the ice floes. No husband ever looked so ridiculous in pyjamas, and few bedroom scenes can have been as perilous as this. Nothing else mattered than the fact that people shouted with laughter at it—and they were not laughing at dirt, but at wit.

Miss Carol Goodner as the recalcitrant wife and Mr. Rex Harrison as an amusing young man who hated ice floes and explorers, and anything to do with either Pole, helped to fill in an evening of true enjoyment from beginning to end.

"Les Contes d'Hoffmann."—The last week of the opera season was noted for a splendacious and well-sung revival of a minor opera and the best performance I have ever seen of that essentially major opera, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

This year's cast of *Der Rosenkavalier*—Rethberg, List, Lemnitz, Andreva, and Neumann (perfect in the small role of Faninal)—is well up to the team which so many speak of with a sort of *eheu fugaces* air, and in some respects superior to it. Herr Reiner's conducting has been sympathetic without any loss of individuality or orchestral brilliance, and his *tempi* are exactly right. Even the rather garish scenery of Act II can be satisfactorily explained; Faninal is a *nouveau riche*—it seems that such existed even in the days of Maria Theresa—and his house is therefore more flashy than tasteful. A line of realism

TO-DAY:

Sybil Thorndike in a Play of Grim Interest: "Miss Smith" Just Escapes Being Noveletty, Genuine Fun on the Polar Verge

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

which might have been left alone, but at least part of an intelligent conception.

If Covent Garden never goes any higher than this performance, Covent Garden need not worry.

Les Contes d'Hoffmann I first saw when it had a longish run at the Adelphi Theatre, where it was played by a foreign company. That type of theatre is the place for it.

There are, of course, good tunes in plenty. Since the production was both elaborate and careful, and since Sir Thomas Beecham, who is obviously fond of the work, was conducting, the revival was a matter of importance. When Sir Thomas is conducting Wagner I am always reminded of the alleged attitude of a famous divine towards Christianity. It is said of Dean —— that he "believes in Christianity, but doesn't like it." I am possibly wrong, but I fancy Sir Thomas believes in Wagner but doesn't like him. Being a consummate musician in the finest sense, he has given us this year some memorable performances of *The Ring*, for he is constitutionally incapable of giving a bad performance of any worthy music, whether he likes it or not. And if it were not worthy music he would not trouble to conduct it.

If Sir Thomas considers *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* worthier music than I do—well, what of that? This was an interesting and lively addition to the season's programme, though the magic imported by Mr. Maskelyne astonished me as little as Offenbach's even more ingenuous devices. Still, some beautiful singing came from Signor Borgioli, a great lyric tenor, from that mighty bass, Signor Pinza, and from Madame Delprat.

Mr. Percy Heming, fine actor and singer, who can wear eighteenth-century clothes better than any man I know, distinguished himself in a small part, and Miss Stella Andreva, slim and pretty, sang the pyrotechnics of the doll, Olympia, with ease and charm.

But by all the gods of Olympus, how weary I am of all stage "dolls"!—*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, *La Poupée*, *Casse Noisette*, *Coppélia*, *Pétrouchka*, *La Boutique Fantasque*—are we never to be free of dolls?

The Madder-market.—

To run a theatre on Elizabethan lines in 1936 may be compared with floating a company to put sedan chairs on the streets of London.

When I heard the Madder-market Theatre, Norwich, proclaimed doubtless with truth, as the nearest existing approach to an Elizabethan playhouse, I was at first tempted to ponder whether there is not something in at least part of a name. And yet there has been a method in the Madder-market. Starting with minute capital five-and-twenty years ago, this enterprise has not only survived through some pretty tough times, but has flourished. Congratulations, therefore, on its twenty-fifth anniversary next Monday.

I do not suppose anyone has made a fortune. But the Madder-market has acquired an international reputation by producing, among several other plays, the whole of the tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare, and by producing them on sensible, practical, yet artistic lines. Mr. Nugent Monck, the organising brain of the venture as well as its founder, has every reason to be proud and satisfied. The quarter-century is being celebrated by a performance at Norwich of Dekker's quaint old play, *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. I think I shall take a busman's and see it.

"Big Brown Eyes" (Film).

—Certain important folk in the film world, moving in a mysterious way their wonders to perform, decided to produce a crook drama with the title of *Big Brown Eyes*. One is not at all surprised, therefore, to find selected for the heroine of *Big Brown Eyes* a girl who has big blue ones.

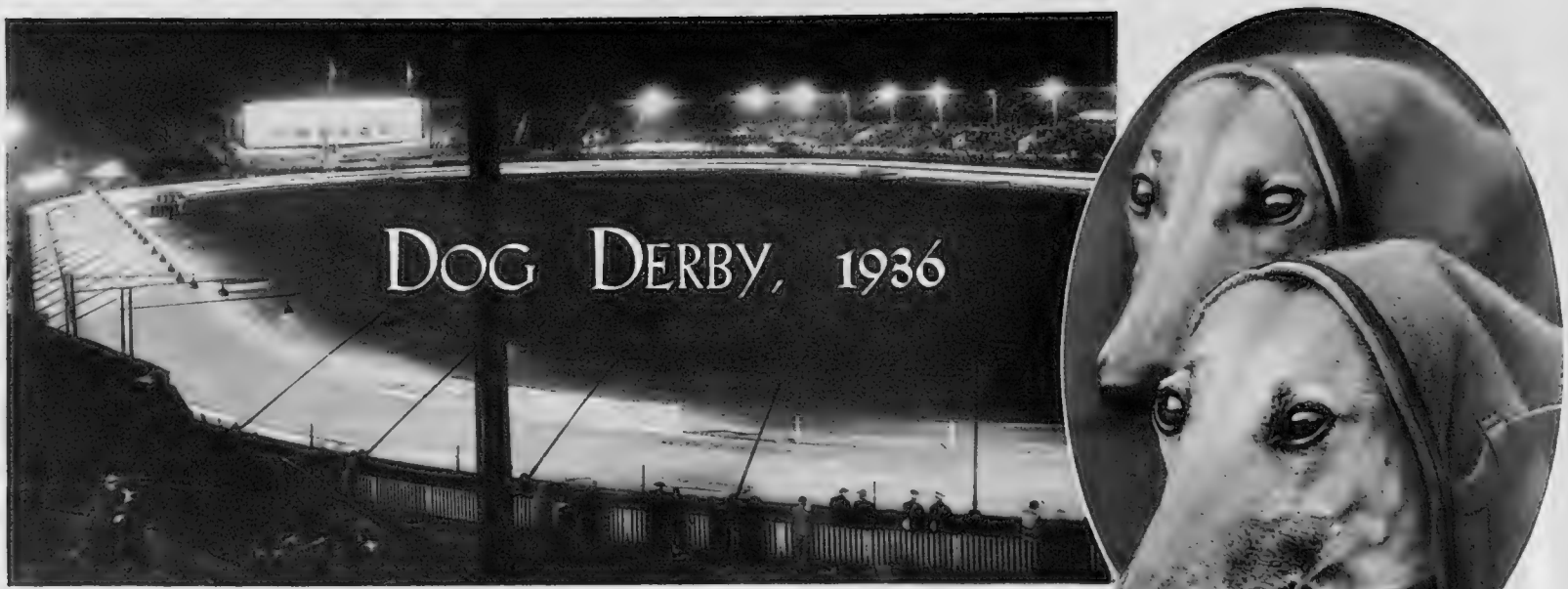
Since the girl in question has the almost ludicrous prettiness of Miss Joan Bennett, few would be disposed to grumble at the discrepancy. I had long known of Miss Bennett's prettiness (not, perhaps, so dazzling as that of her sister Constance, but a little more human; with Constance I feel inclined

(Continued on page 534)

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR: Five-year-old Jacqueline Giovanni, the proud possessor of a Hollywood contract, entertaining visitors with a lively Hungarian dance at the annual Theatrical Garden Party held recently in Queen Mary's Gardens in aid of the funds of the Actors' Orphanage

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S ROBIN HOOD, a national hero who lived in the eighteenth century and showed the peasants the way to freedom from the tyranny of the nobles, is the central figure in the new film *Janosik*, which comes to the Academy Cinema next week. Janosik (played by Palo Bielik) is pictured on left with his youngest and most devoted follower, and on right his men are seen in their mountain eyrie. The story is full of action, and many of the "shots" were made in the region where the historical incidents took place

RETURN OF AN OLD FAVOURITE: The second screen version of the popular musical comedy success, *Show Boat*, had its première at the Leicester Square Theatre last week and was well received by a distinguished audience including many film and stage stars. Irene Dunne (*left*) played the leading feminine role and was present in person on the first night, while Paul Robeson (*right*) was clearly in his element when rendering the now world famous theme songs "Ole Man River" and "I Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine"



THE EPSOM OF GREYHOUND RACING: The White City, scene of next week's Dog Derby

The big Greyhound Classic Race Draws Attention to a Sport which, with Its Attractive Prizes, Is Luring Many Owners from the Legitimate Turf

By CHARLES GRAVES

NEXT Saturday the final heat of the Greyhound Derby will be run. Between 60,000 and 80,000 people will pay admission, which contrasts favourably with the 20,000 cash customers at the Epsom Derby; for though perhaps 250,000 people may be on the Downs, only one in ten pays to go in.

The winner's owner next Saturday will receive £1,000, the runner-up will receive £250, the third will get £100, and the other three dogs will get £50 each. Next year the stakes are being increased to £2,000 for the winner. What is still more interesting is that whereas the average price of the greyhounds starting in the Greyhound Derby is about £250 at the moment, the winner will be worth at least £5,000 the moment after he has passed the post. The reason for this is simple. The Greyhound Derby winner can command a stud fee of 50 guineas, and he will have forty services a year. This income at stud of £2,000 a year lasts for at least three or four years, and may be longer.

Mick the Miller, having won £13,500 in stake money, has since his retirement earned another £6,000 for his owner, Mr. A. H. Kempton, plus whatever he received as a film star. Mick is now nine years old, and can expect another three years at stud. "I expect that he will earn me another £6,000," said Mr. Kempton. In other words, Mick the Miller, which he bought for £2,000, will have earned him over £26,000.

When one comes to figures like these it must make even the Aga Khan sit up and take notice. True, Blenheim and Mahmoud can be expected to earn His Highness £14,000 or £15,000 a year for ten years. Nevertheless, there must be many big owners who would be glad to have made £26,000 out of a class horse. Martin Benson, owner of Windsor Lad, tells me that he costs £3,000 a year to maintain at the stud. A greyhound costs under £50, even at stud. If he is racing, which involves only twenty-six weeks in the year, he costs approximately £39 a year.

The racing career of a greyhound is normally about six years. He does not start racing until after eighteen months, and usually retires between six and seven. It has been estimated that the minimum cost of breeding a greyhound and ultimately introducing him to the tracks is £48. This will be spent in stud fees, looking after him, feeding him, walking him, inoculating him, and finally putting him in trials. Compare this, however, with the cost of a racehorse. No wonder, then, that the number of greyhounds registered in the National Stud Book has risen from 2,700 in 1927 to 52,000 last year.

Curiously the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934 which came into operation on July 1 of last year has still further popularised greyhound racing, although it wiped out over 140 tracks and reduced the number of meetings of any one track from 160 a year to 108. Nevertheless, the attendances have increased slightly to 22,000,000 a year, which affords an interesting comparison with the paid attendances at racehorse meetings, which amount to only 4,000,000 a year.

A still more remarkable contrast is in the figures of greyhounds attached to a track like the White City and the amount of prize money which they can win from week to week. There are 240 dogs, and on an average there is £390 of prize money to be won each week. As each dog costs less than a pound a week to keep and there is no entry fee except for the classic races, it means that there is a surplus of £170 net a week to be won. Actually, in the five weeks ending next Saturday, the prize money will have amounted to £4,000.

Compare these figures with those of horse-racing. At the beginning of the Flat season there are about 4,000 horses in training in England. Of these at least 300 have not the slightest hope of ever winning a race, another 400 ordinary selling platers might win once with a bit of luck and occasionally be second, another 400 two-year-olds are so immature that though they may just win a race early in the season they will be withdrawn very quickly, yet another 400 will be too backward to race at all. Unfortunately a bad horse in training costs just as much as a good one, and this is between £4 and £5 a week. It means to say, therefore that the cost of training horses throughout the country amounts to £20,000 a week. With the exception of perhaps three meetings in the year—Ascot, Goodwood, and Newmarket—there is nothing like £20,000 in stakes to be won throughout the country in any given week. In other words, the very vast majority of owners of racehorses are bound to lose money each week because they are putting more into it than they can draw from it.

At all the big greyhound tracks, however, the prize money amounts to more than the total cost of the upkeep of the dogs. What is more, a good graded dog wins on an average one race in four, as well as being placed. True, the average graded race prize money is often not more than £12, but there was a greyhound last year which picked up £1,000 in graded races alone. All of which goes to show that if owners of greyhounds betted less they would not complain, as they sometimes do, that the prize money is not larger.

But let us turn now to the greyhound classics. They are the Catford Gold Collar, value £500 to the winner; the Greyhound Derby at the White

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A SPEEDY TRIO: Mrs. Yate with her three dogs, Fine Jubilee, Fleeting Joule, and Flying Joule; all entrants for this year's Derby. The first named has done the 525 yards in 29·24 secs.

WINNER OF THE DERBY TRIAL STAKES: Raven Arms after his brilliant victory at the White City. In the Derby itself he showed excellent form to win his first round heat by a head

OPEN-AIR ACTIVITIES

Sports and Pastimes North and South of the Border—Edinburgh's £80,000 Bathing Pool

OUR NEW WIGHTMAN CUP STAR: Miss R. M. Hardwick changing to spiked shoes during her match with Madame S. Henrotin, of France, in the semi-finals of the Women's Singles, at the St. George's Hill Tournament, before going on to win the title. Her inclusion in the England team against the United States last week occasioned a certain amount of surprise, but there is no doubt that the selection committee showed considerable foresight in acting on the principle that experience in big match play is absolutely essential if talent is to be properly developed

AMONG THE YOUNG ENTRY: Miss Pamela Roberts on her mount Paul in the children's class at Otley Show, Yorkshire

SCOTTISH ENTERPRISE: Edinburgh Corporation's £80,000 bathing pool; one of the most up to date of its kind in Europe, with artificial waves, sprays in the changing rooms, a gymnasium, a 32 ft. high dive, a heated pool for the youngsters, and seating accommodation for some 10,000 spectators. The artificially produced waves provide all the exhilaration of surf bathing with none of its dangers and are operated on very much the same principle as that employed in Budapest

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Freya Stark Makes Another Addition to the Classics of Travel: Naomi Royde Smith's Amusing and Successful Experiment

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

SOME time ago Miss Freya Stark wrote *The Valley of the Assassins*, a book about Persia which I have found unforgettable. Now she has published **THE SOUTHERN GATES OF ARABIA** (John Murray. 16s.) and added another to the classic books of travel.

During her travels in South Arabia, in places where only two Europeans had ever preceded her, Miss Stark received the following testimonial from two of her Bedouin friends, a document which seems to prove, very simply and conclusively, the remarkable nature of the travels and of the traveller herself. "This is a certificate to Miss Freya Stark, English, a traveller in Hadhramaut, that she is conversant with laws and guided by religion, and of an honourable house, and is the first woman to travel from England to Hadhramaut alone; and is a mistress of endurance and fortitude in travel and in the suffering of terrors and danger. We thank her greatly, very greatly."

Miss Stark's plan for her journey through Arabia was to reach Shabwa, one of the greatest of the ruined cities on the Incense road, and totally unexplored. She failed in this through serious illness, and finally, with a dangerously weak heart, had to be "rescued" from the friendly but incompetent Bedouins who were nursing her, and flown back to Aden in an R.A.F. plane.

Even without the objective of Shabwa, however, the journey was of the greatest interest, for Miss Stark was travelling in that part of Arabia which used in ancient days to be the sole source of incense for the rest of the civilised world. It was a great trade, and it was from this that the country earned the name of Arabia Felix. "It is the luxury of man," wrote Pliny, "which is displayed even in the paraphernalia of death, that has rendered Arabia thus 'happy.'"

Miss Stark's lucid and scholarly style, for she writes quite as well as she roves, is a genuine joy and makes this book an important and distinguished piece of work. The photographs, of which I am glad to say there are over a hundred, are of amazing beauty, and explain one of the greatest fascinations of the Hadhramaut. The cities, which are built almost entirely of mud, contain extraordinary buildings of seven and eight tall storeys, which look like modern skyscrapers in their desert surroundings and have a very striking simplicity of line. Altogether *The Southern Gates of Arabia* is a book to buy, to read and re-read, and to cherish.

Miss Naomi Royde Smith's new novel is an amusing experiment, and unquestionably successful. The idea in **ALL STAR CAST** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) has been to include in the space of a first night performance all the action of the book, and to give not only the play itself in its entirety, but also the reactions of the audience to it. It is in fact a London first night, with the play, and its nearly as important intervals, reproduced in detail.

Unlike most novels about the theatre there is no behind-the-scenes element at all. The play exists only in relation to its author and its audience. The actors give excellent performances; there is even something too good to be true about the level of their work, but they are allowed no personal drama beyond their footlight appearances. That in itself should be a great relief to all those readers who are surfeited with the "play must go on" school of thought.

As for the intervals, although there are scraps of conversation overheard between friends of the leading lady, whose main concern is the clothes, the chief interest lies in the enthusiastic or the cheerfully cynical opinions of the critics, who foregather in the stalls or in the bar, or, finally, in the doorways. There is no need for widely imaginative writing here; the author seems to know her subject very well indeed, and the likenesses are photographic, even when they are a little jumbled. (Everybody knows those unfortunate holiday snapshots, in which, because somebody forgot to turn the film, one person mysteriously acquires the arms or the legs or the hat of another!)

The play itself is about a murder, but it is not a mystery since the killing takes place on the stage in full view of the audience and only mystifies one or two of the other members of the cast. As a play it is remarkable for two things: first, that the leading lady does not appear after the first act, and second, that although it is unrelieved tragedy it is neither monotonous nor, as a whole, depressing.

To write a play and your own criticisms of it must be an enviable position, but Miss Royde Smith remains wittily impartial. As they leave the theatre a young critic says to an older, "It was superb." The other narrows his eyes. "I give it three weeks," he pronounces, and scuttles off into the rain.

The publishers of Mr. James T. Farrell's book consider it "too grandiose and terrible, too crowded with character and incident, to be a possible subject for a brief descriptive note," and they have therefore issued a special pamphlet of appreciation, which unfortunately I have not yet read.

I have, however, read **STUDS LONIGAN** (Constable. 8s. 6d.), and with the greatest interest and attention. It is a remarkable, even an overwhelming book; a trilogy of three full-length novels dealing with the youth, the young manhood, and the final, early collapse of an Irish boy brought up in Chicago's South Side. It is a study of degeneration, and it has been acclaimed by American critics as deriving from the school of Zola. In America it is a best-seller, but I find it difficult to imagine that it will have such success here, in spite of its very real merits.

For an English reader, even one well versed in American lore, it is not easy reading, and that is partly owing to the idiom, which has the authentic toughness of the *locale*, and partly because of the more profound difference between the rhythm and construction of such essentially American writing and an equivalent book in English.

As for the scenes of brutality and horror, which are often unbearably vivid, and which are so important to the development of the story, I imagine that they will be a stumbling-block to any but the most determined readers. They are vitally necessary to Mr. Farrell's study, but they are of such nightmare intensity and crudeness that they shock in the deepest sense of the word.

The importance of *Studs Lonigan* is its value as a document of that savage, squalid, yet human life, but it is not a book to be tackled half-heartedly.

Miss Norah James has a habit of choosing the plainest of materials for her novels, and treating it in a deliberately unsensational, matter-of-fact way. The result, which should be dull, is not, for the good and sufficient reason that Miss James is a born writer. She knows the value of simplicity, of understatement, even of the kind of monotony which has its relationship with the quiet life of which she is writing.

SEA VIEW (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.) is an example of Miss James' effective method of writing *piano*. The scene chosen is peculiarly English; a small seaside resort bright with people every summer, and deserted in the long autumn and winter. In such a small place there are only two hotels, or properly only one, since the smaller of the two is an inn. This, the Cliff Arms, lies in a hollow, almost on the edge of the cliff, and behind it on the other side of the road is the big Sea View Hotel. At the opening of the story, the hotel, a prosperous concern can afford to overlook the inn, both literally and financially. By the end the owner of the inn has sold some of his land for a District Council scheme, and is building an immense hotel on the proceeds of it.

In this way he not only cuts off the view of the sea from his rival but effectively ruins him, since all the visitors go to the newer hotel. It is a neat piece of man-made justice, if an obvious one. The only consideration which seems to have escaped the author, unless it was deliberately ignored, is a purely æsthetic one, of the spoiling of a little bay with two incongruous buildings, and a litter of swimming pools and garages. The author however is more concerned with the human elements of her story, and with the love affair between the daughter of the hotel owner, and the son of the innkeeper.

That part of the story runs as true to type as one would expect in the actions of commonplace people. He is a nice young man, but unremarkable. She is an attractive and practical young woman. Their story holds no possibilities of drama, but it is told with an understanding which makes it just as interesting, and in my opinion all the more agreeable.

Up in the north-eastern corner of Alaska, where the Bering Sea meets the Pacific, there is a chain of volcanic mountains 1,200 miles long and stretching from North America almost to Asia. This is the Aleutian range, and it is the starting point of some of the worst storms in the world. It is a dangerous district, since it abounds in volcanoes, glaciers, quicksands, and blizzards, but it is the favourite exploring ground of Father Bernard Hubbard, who is the head of the geology department at an American university, and who spends his summer months from May to October travelling about "his spectacular Alaska."

For the rest of the year Father Hubbard spends his time writing his experiences, and lecturing throughout the United States. The hard training of his Alaskan months must stand him in good stead here, for on 237 days he has been known to deliver 258 lectures!

His book, **CRADLE OF THE STORMS** (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) is a record of his most recent adventures in the Alaskan peninsula, and very startling some of them were. Amongst other things Father Hubbard and his companions discovered a new moon-crater about 25 miles in circumference, shot an immense grizzly bear with an automatic, were caught in quicksands, and made a scientific recording, apparently for the first time, of the formation and beginning of icebergs.

Father Hubbard has a friendly and unpretentious style, rather like the written record of a popular series of lectures, and he has illustrated his book with some remarkable photographs of the country, and some very engaging ones of the pack dogs who were such an important part of the expedition. The quintuplets and quadruplets by the way, must look to their laurels, for Father Hubbard has a photograph of a brown bear with triplets, "the only case on record."

BOOKS RECEIVED

HUTCHINSON.—CHORDS OF REMEMBRANCE. By Mathilde Verne. Illustrated. 18s. AUSTRIA INVITES. Edited by Sir Harry Brittain. Illustrated. 5s. TRUMPETS AT ROME. By Marjorie Bowen. 7s 6d. HEINEMANN.—RINGS ON HER FINGER. By Laurence Kirk. 7s. 6d. VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE. By Barry Benefield. 7s. 6d. THIS BODY THIS EARTH. By Paul Green. 8s. 6d. PANIC AMONG PURITANS. By James Laver. 7s. 6d. IN DUBIOUS BATTLE. By John Steinbeck. 7s. 6d. LINK HOUSE PUBLICATIONS, LTD.—AMATEUR FILMS. By Alex Strasser. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—THE SPLINTER IN THE WATER CHUTE. By J. William Keightley. 7s. 6d. EPITAPH FOR HARRIET. By Emily Bussell. 7s. 6d. THE TEN GREEN BROTHERS. By Angus MacVicar. 7s. 6d. WHITE MAGIC: The Story of Maskelynes. By Jasper Maskelyne. Illustrated. 18s. No. 10, DOWNING STREET. By Basil Fuller and John Cornes. Illustrated. 18s. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—MEMOIRS OF AN UNCONVENTIONAL SOLDIER. By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. Illustrated. 21s. ROUTLEDGE.—MRS. GRUNDY IN SCOTLAND. By Willa Muir. 5s. AFRICA ANSWERS BACK. By H. H. Prince Akiki K. Nyabongo. Introduction by Dr. William Lyon Phelps. Illustrated by Eleanor Maroney. 7s. 6d. FIGHTER PILOT. By "McScotch." Illustrated. 10s. 6d. SCRIBNERS.—THE MODERN ANGLER, INCLUDING THE SOLUNAR THEORY. By John Alden Knight. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—FOX-HUNTING. By William Fawcett. 5s. BY THE WATER'S SIDE: A Book of Fishing Memories. By H. Langford Brown. Illustrated. 5s. A HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE. By Ernest H. Short. Illustrated. New and revised edition. 12s. 6d. TALES OF DREAD: A Collection of Uneasy Tales. 2s. 6d.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE BY ABRAHAM HONDIUS: This most interesting contemporary record of London shortly after the Great Fire—the work of a Dutch artist who lived in England—was one of the many pictures secured for the nation last year by the National Art Collections Fund, and a half-page reproduction of it appears in the Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Committee, which has just made its appearance. It is dated 1677 and the great blocks of ice give some idea of the severity of the winter that year when, according to a contemporary diarist, the Thames was frozen over for three days. The canvas was purchased for £325 and is now in possession of the London Museum

THE BABIES OF BELGRAVE SQUARE

Prince Edward of Kent and Other Distinguished Children in the Morning Pram Parade

TAKING THE AIR: The morning pram parade in the gardens of Belgrave Square where Prince Edward and the children of other notabilities are brought nearly every day. Once the gardens were little used, but since the Duke and Duchess of Kent came to live in the Square they have become fashionable. The pram second from left belongs to Paul, son of Lady Honor Channon

FIVE MONTHS OLD: Edmund Gilbert Hauser, son of the Chancellor of the Austrian Legation, is a frequent visitor to the gardens. The Legation is at No. 18 Belgrave Square

Above and above on right—THE FIRST PRINCE BORN TO THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR: Two charming studies of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's son taken last week, when he was exactly eight months old

WHILING AWAY THE GOLDEN HOURS: Lucinda, seven-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower, with five-and-a-half-year-old Emily Kinloch. Two more young habituees of the gardens

IN THE OPEN-AIR NURSERY: Romia Bull (left), fourteen-months-old daughter of Mr. Bartle Bull, Member of Parliament for Enfield, with Lucinda Leveson Gower. *(Special "Sphere" pictures by William Davis)*

TRAVELLING IN COOL COMFORT

Gaiety in Notes and Cords

Suits for Holiday Week-ends and for Journeys by Train or Car

The Rival Claims of the Classic and the Debonair

IF only one could leave hot cities without the discomfort of the intermediate journey, how much more enjoyable country week-ends would be. Since that is impossible the most sensible thing to do is to choose travelling clothes that are light, gay, and as nearly creaseless as possible.

You know the sort of thing. But do you know exactly where to find it?

There is, for instance, the debonair little suit worn by the girl who is standing at the head of this page. It is made in a rough surfaced cotton tweed that knows its place and stays in it—a trait that enables her to remain soignée no matter how casually she treats it. She has chosen it in lemon, because it suits her, but it looks just as well in a clear, cool green, and in shrimp, always with a contrasting belt and flower. The jacket has a back panel and straight yoke, and there is an inverted pleat in the front of the skirt. The price?—four guineas.

Her companion wears a very well cut little suit in navy blue marocain patterned with tiny white notes. The link-buttoned coat has high revers, and the slenderly-straight skirt has an inverted pleat at the back and front. It is also made in lido, green, brown, and black—and here is the great surprise . . . it costs only 55s. 6d. With a delicate lingerie blouse it would look grand for formal occasions as well as being a great standby for holidays.

But perhaps you belong to the vast number of Englishwomen who feel that nothing ever can surpass a classically cut, severely simple tailor-made? Then the suit on the right is the one that will appeal to you. Made by Vanek, of 65, Wigmore Street, W., it is in grey worsted with a minute check. The line you can see for yourself. The workmanship is perfect in every detail. Vanek makes such suits from 8 guineas, and during the next few weeks he will have a collection of exclusive tweeds for those who will be leaving in August for Scotland and the North.

Confidence in Classics

This England . . .

Landscape in Surrey

THE MEN of the cities yearn for the things of the country . . . old turf, quiet valleys and abiding peace. There do they find themselves nearer to the heart of their race, nearer the source of honest kindly things, the arts of farm and forge, of loom and lathe . . . and good brewing. To them in their canyons of stone and steel comes Worthington, brewed in the age-long English tradition, redolent of the countryside, friendly and shining clear as the English character itself.

THE MID-DAY HALT: A pause for lunch at the Bel and The Dragon Hotel at Cookham, Berks. This quaintly named inn is greatly favoured by motorists in the Chilterns

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

A Speedy Little Morris—The Latest Daimler Straight-Eight—Two New Cars by Well-known Makers

MORE years have passed than I care to remember since I last tested the smallest car in the Morris range. Covering, as I do, well over 20,000 miles a year on my own quite speedy car, I frequently come across Morris Eights on the road. They look such roomy vehicles in these days that I did not recognise them at first as being the smallest Morris car made, but they went along so quickly that early in the year I made a point of stopping where one had pulled up in order to be quite certain of its identity. They always have impressed themselves upon me because they slip along at a surprising speed. It is not a case of just meeting one going along at 60 m.p.h., which might not arouse any great comment because there is always a certain number of enthusiasts who will tune up a car and give it an extra 10 m.p.h. The Morris Eights I have met on the open road have almost, without exception, been doing a mile a minute, of course, in perfectly safe places, and so I have been forced to the conclusion that this particular vehicle in its absolutely standard form is a real pace-maker. When I have seen the drivers who have been male and female, both young and old, the conclusion has been forced on me that not only are the cars fast but that they are safe for anyone to drive at high speeds.

The Morris catalogue dealing with this small model states "but just try one! Get at the wheel!" and that is just the advice I have taken. What I found other people doing I discovered I could do myself for before I had driven the car ten miles an open road lay before me and down went my foot. To my amazement the speedometer went just past the 60 mark and perhaps, what is more remarkable, I was not hanging on by my eyebrows, but sitting quite comfortably and in comparative silence. One rather expects small engines to be slightly fussy at speeds of a mile a minute but the Morris side-valve power unit is distinctly pleasant when flat out and this I think is primarily due to the fact that the crankshaft is supported in three bearings. It is like wine, smooth, quiet and pleasant at low speeds, and is just as happy doing 10 m.p.h. as 60.

The usual small car is generally nothing but a small car, but the Morris Eight feels like a big car and really is a big car with the dimensions just reduced. There is a surprising amount of room, not only in the front seats but in the back seats as well. The particular model which I tested was fitted with four doors and the saloon body possessed a sunshine roof. Nothing cheap-looking hurts the eye and even on examination there is no evidence whatever of rough unfinished workmanship. The steering is positive and rejoices in a nice gear ratio and is responsive. The brakes, which are hydraulically operated, are smooth, progressive, and definitely efficient. The car is equipped with four semi-elliptic springs, and these, working in conjunction with Armstrong hydraulic shock-absorbers, give the occupants a very comfortable ride. I was surprised to find such an easily operated gear change and I certainly did not expect, with a car costing so little money, that the engine would be so flexible as I found was the case. I feel certain that I was able to get through traffic in London quicker than I could with my own very much larger car, and yet on the open road the car was still capable of showing a clean pair of heels to other cars costing two or three times the price of this Morris. The specification of this car is something quite out of the ordinary for vehicles in this class, and when the various features are examined it is difficult to understand how so much can be given for so little money. The secret, I suppose, is to be found in the adoption by Morris Motors Limited, of "specialisation."

During the past fortnight I have had another car out on test, and this too is an extremely interesting vehicle. It was the Straight-Eight Daimler, fitted with a drophead coupé body. Almost since Daimlers were first made, and that brings us back to the beginning of motoring, they have been renowned for their extreme silence and smoothness of running. The manufacturers did not appear to cater for the needs of the man who desired a snappy sports-type vehicle, and so when I drove this Daimler Straight-Eight and found it was a car that could travel along at 90 m.p.h. and over that mark, I was almost breathless with amazement. High speeds of this character were certainly obtainable, and this achievement was certainly noteworthy. At the same time the Daimler Company have not sacrificed any of the smoothness and silence for which they have previously been renowned. The car is fitted with a pre-selector gear-box and fluid flywheel, and with the judicious use of these components quite staggering acceleration was obtained. Considering that the car, as I drove it, weighed 3,986 lbs., which is practically 1¾ tons, the performance is something to ponder over. I was delighted to note that even at very high engine speeds there was no indication of fussiness or strain, the engine turning round as if it were thoroughly enjoying itself.

THE SUSSEX WEALD: A Hillman "80" sports saloon in delightful surroundings. Among the many refinements which are embodied in this car is the famous "Evenkeel" suspension which gives smooth riding in all conditions of travel

As this field of speed cannot be too familiar to the makers they might have been excused had the car been a little difficult to hold from 70 m.p.h. upwards, but my experience convinced me that many car manufacturers who pride themselves on having racing experience over many years might be pardoned if they congratulated themselves on producing a car with such excellent road holding qualities as this new Daimler possesses. It literally sticks to the road like a leech and fast cornering does not throw the body from its even keel. Likewise, the steering and the brakes were as nice as one would expect to find on a thoroughbred racer. Certainly this newcomer in, what I might call, the sports class is likely to make quite a number of people think seriously and, of course, on the road the driver has an immense amount of amusement, for the speed of his car takes everyone by surprise which, to my mind, is one of the most interesting characteristics a car can possess.

Morris Motors, Ltd., have just brought out a new 14-h.p. 6-cylinder saloon. To those not in the "know" the introduction of a new model at this time of the year may seem somewhat strange, but Morris's have very wisely adopted a system whereby they make preparations to turn out a certain number of a model, and when the material necessary for that certain number is exhausted they repeat the process with a new type. This policy has certain definite advantages, not only to the manufacturers but also to the public, and no doubt the motor trade of this country would benefit greatly, and so would the buying public, if other manufacturers followed suit. The specification of this new Morris car includes 4-bearing crankshaft and camshaft, air-cleaner, fume consumer, S.U. down-draught carburettor, additional oil cleaner, which is readily detachable, rubber-mounted engine and gear-box unit, three-speed synchromesh gear-box, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, hydraulic shock absorbers, 6-light saloon body, narrow body pillars, Smith's Jackall permanent inbuilt hydraulic jacks, and Triplex glass all round.

Another new car which I have to announce is a 20–25-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley. The outstanding features of this model are a new engine giving improved performance, a chassis designed to ensure the comfort and convenience of the carriage work, a careful installation of all units, so as to obtain silent running and a lighter car with increased stability. The new model is designed as a successor to the 20-h.p. model which has given such fine service for many years. The outstanding feature of its performance is its acceleration. Special attention has been given to the coachwork and on this latest model it is, if anything, more roomy and more comfortable than before. I am glad to note that the makers have paid special attention to the storage of luggage for they claim that the rear compartment will hold sufficient suitcases for four people.

In a recent issue of THE SPHERE a photograph appeared of the Southern Railway's steamship, the *Autocarrier*, and the description underneath erroneously stated that this vessel was the only one of its kind. Motorists who have travelled to the Continent will realise immediately that this was a mistake, as, of course, most of them know of—and many have used—the S.S. *Forde* for transporting their cars to and from the Continent. The S.S. *Forde* is run by Messrs. Townsend Brothers Ferries, Ltd., and I know from the experience of many friends that the service which this firm gives with this vessel is extremely efficient and cheap.

PARALLEL ROADS: A section of the London-Birmingham Road just south of Dunchurch, which now has two one-way tracks. This is one of several improvements to be effected in this important and congested highway

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

"Practical considerations must come first" *say Austin Designers*

"In our job, when you get down to the drawing-board, you must put yourself in the place of the man who will drive the car you are working on."

"That's very true. Sir Herbert Austin hit the nail on the head when he said, 'A car isn't something merely to adorn a showroom floor. Practical considerations must come first; put in the frills afterwards, if you must.'"

"You mean safety and comfort matter most? I agree. Wide windows, narrow front pillars, windscreens that don't cause distorted vision, driving seats with a clear view well over the bonnet, and doors you can get into and out of easily—I reckon the majority of motorists prefer these to a dozen gadgets."

"Do you believe they put these things above dependability?"

"Not at all—but when you combine them with out and out dependability, then you have got down to the real essentials of a sound job."

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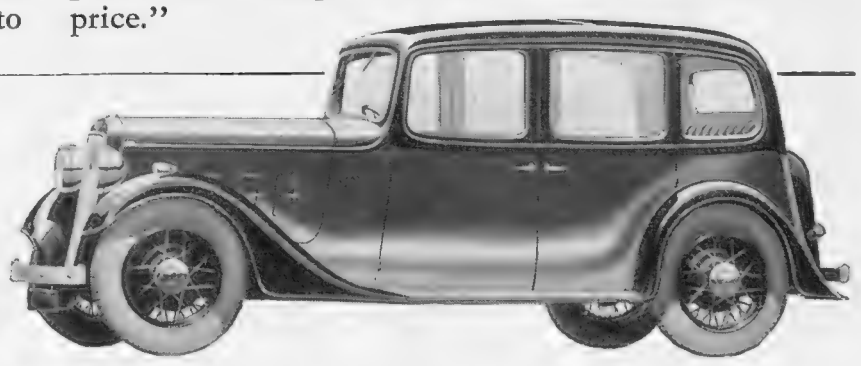

The Ascot Saloon as illustrated. Prominent features are the dignified appearance, wide visibility and roomy interior. It has 4-speed gearbox with Synchromesh on top, third and second, hydraulic shock absorbers, Pytchley sliding roof, Triplex glass and Dunlop tyres. Prices at works: 15.9 *h.p. 6-cylinder,* £235. 13.9 *h.p. 6-cylinder,* £225. 11.9 *h.p. 4-cylinder,* £208. *For full particulars of all models write for new catalogue, or call on the nearest Austin Dealer.*

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CONTINUATIONS

THE HUNCHBACK OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL

(Continued from page 506)

with a snapshot that had been taken showing him being supported after his illness by Marie Bara. It was in the garden, and the nurse had her arm supporting the weak patient who, in turn, was resting his arm across his godchild's shoulder. This snapshot got to the Paris Nunciate and even further, so it is averred.

And now something occurred that was irretrievable. The Minister of the Interior received a long unsigned denunciation of Monseigneur Bertin accusing him of financial offences, the pages being typewritten under the style *Archevêché de Rouen*. Was the Archbishop implicated? He has deigned to say: "I never send things I do not sign." Yet this careful denial scarcely mitigated the serious nature of the new position in the eyes of Rome which insists that all failings in the Church shall be judged by the ecclesiastical courts alone, and on no account by the civil ones. Now what had supervened?

Officially "seized" in the matter, the Rouen Procuror of the Republic crashed into the sacrosanct diocesan realm and proceeded to interrogate priests, nuns, domestics, intimates of the episcopal palace, even the Archbishop himself. It was all most deplorable and caste-losing. In the Vatican, disciplinary circles waxed indignant until the Pope acted with awesome gesture. Last January, the Bishop of Cambrai was instructed to request Monseigneur de la Villerabel's instant resignation. Resistance. Enter Pierre Laval, Premier, and Monsieur Flandin, Foreign Minister. Through the intercession of the French Ambassador to the Holy See, Cardinal Pacelli undertook to maintain the *status quo* until after the civil case against Monseigneur Bertin had been decided. But in spite of this directly upon Laval's fall Rome got busy again, demanding that the resignation *must* eventuate before the offending Prelate could attend the yearly congress of French cardinals.

Rome insisting on sanctions now! And Monsieur Flandin politely recalling the Secretary of State to his undertaking, while at the same time venturing to suggest that perhaps the Vatican did not quite realise what a controversial issue could be raised by the disgrace of a distinguished French cleric on the assumption that he had been instrumental in passing on to the civil authorities a charge of financial malfeasance. Rome might take note that adamant insistence on such cases going only before ecclesiastical courts would not fail to rouse the lay passions of the conquering political Left which held firmly that interference by Rome in matters affecting the dispensation of justice by the Republic simply could not be tolerated. Furthermore if so-called "rule by Rome" was at all times anathema to this Left, the Vatican's forcible intervention in Normandy came at a peculiarly difficult moment in Franco-Italian affairs.

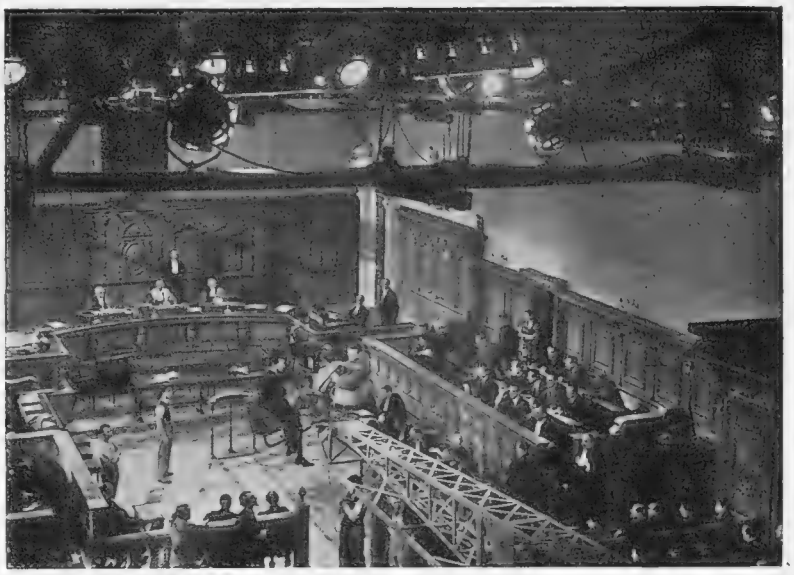
(How far things were ranging from the goblin Breton hunchback!)

The other day events rushed towards a *dénouement*. The Archbishop duly attended the Cardinals' congress where he sat next Monseigneur Chollet, Bishop of Cambrai. A few mornings after, this same dignitary knocked at the door of Rouen's Archbishop and, on instructions from Rome, thrice requested his august friend's resignation. The scene is spoken of as having been full of pathos. The Primate of Normandy affected to be bewildered by Rome's attitude towards him. No, he would not resign!

Whereupon Monseigneur Chollet took a Papal Bull from his pocket announcing a vacancy in the see of Rouen and his own temporary elevation though it was a week before the deposition of their revered Primate was casually made known to astounded Normans in the columns of the obscure *Semaine Religieuse*. After that, the Paris Press tore down upon the scene . . .

The reporters found the Archbishop, a lonely, deserted old man in the garden of his palace, which had become his own property in the fat years, and from which apparently even Rome could not evict him. A famous palace with a history, since it was here that the States-General of Normandy used to convene.

The Archbishop talked and was photographed. By pontifical order, all his personnel had been withdrawn, leaving him only with a faithful old housekeeper. He had had to dispense with his valet, having no money left. "I have done no wrong and cannot understand it all." On learning that Monseigneur Bertin had been reinstated in his priestly functions, the ex-Primate could understand even less. Why was Rome so bitterly down on him? Some of his visitors ventured to tell him: "Because you have been too favourable to the banned *Action Française!*" The ex-Archbishop only shook his head sadly in continued puzzlement.



A BIG SCENE IN THE MAKING: Shooting from a boom crane an episode in the Criterion picture, *Accused*, now in production at Worton Hall Studios. The setting is a reproduction of the Criminal Court in the Paris Palais de Justice, and seated in the swivel chair behind the camera man is the ace American director, Thornton Freeland, who made *Flying Down to Rio*

Meanwhile, from an "incident" the affair swelled into an issue of first-rate importance. All the French newspapers took the side of Monseigneur de la Villerabel for widely different reasons. The Royalists averred that the Pope was deliberately looking for a quarrel with France while so unmistakably lenient with Hitler's pagan Reich. In this the Right generally concurred, the *Echo de Paris* even going as far as to suggest a rupture of the Concordat. The Radical-Socialists, for their part, took violent umbrage at Rome's interference. Monsieur Blum's paper, the *Populaire*, spoke of the Church's "insolent pretension." As for the Communists, they were able to get a little of their own back in return for Pius XI's condemnation of themselves.

In sum, because of the Right's affiliations to the Church the Left promptly made great political capital out of the affair, which does not cease to assume freakish aspects as "revelations" continue. The next concrete advance will be the result of the *expertise* carried out on Monseigneur Bertin's managership.

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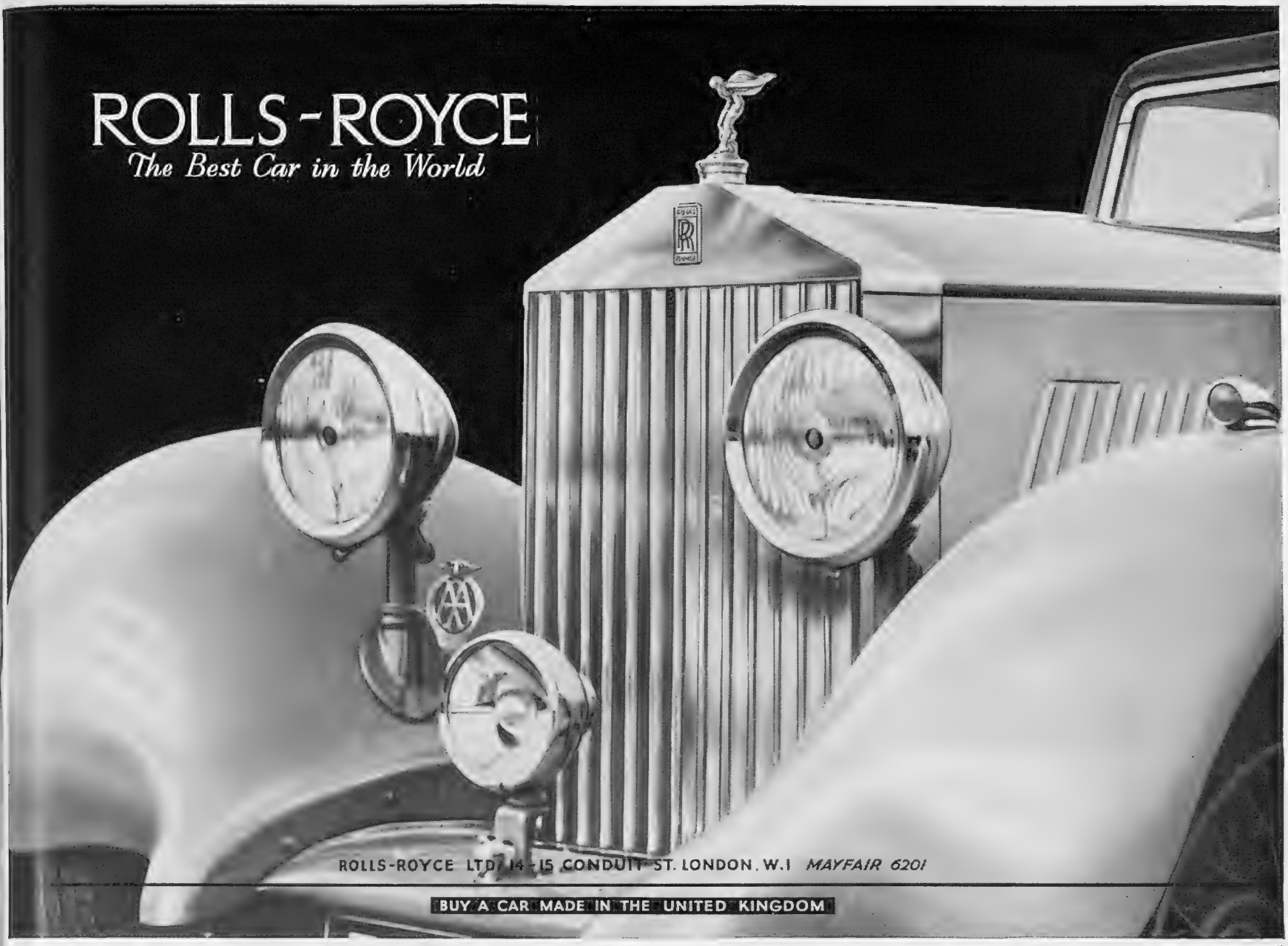

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WREN'S MODELS FOR ST. PAUL'S

(Continued from page 511)

approaches the great domed space and, of course, the great dome itself based on that designed by Bramante for St. Peter's. As we see it to-day, the Great Model is complete except for the statues around the top. These were mentioned by Robert Hook in his Diary and are still to be seen in an engraving published in Longman's *Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul.*

The Great Model was not finished complete with statues till September 1674, though in February of that year it was far enough advanced for Robert Hook to walk through it. In the summer of '74 an actual start was made for the foundations of a building to this design, but sometime towards the end of the year or the beginning of '75 objections were raised against it, it is said on account of the form of the choir, but more probably because it was felt that the Great Model scheme was unsuitable for building in instalments as money came in. In consequence, Wren was compelled to produce a third entirely new design which forms the basis of the present cathedral. *Parentalia* says that the Great Model design was Wren's own favourite and we can well believe this. In many respects it is a far more daring and original conception than the church he was allowed to build, and moreover, and this is a reason that would appeal strongly to an architect of his time, it belongs to the great family of centrally planned domed churches of which St. Peter's before the western additions was the greatest example, and Wren could have felt that he was making his own contribution to the series of designs that have always been considered the greatest works of Renaissance architecture.

DRAMA AND FILMS OF TO-DAY

(Continued from page 523)

like the American who looked at the giraffe's neck, to say, after one glance, "I don't believe it.") But not of her ability to act. As a manicurist in a barber's shop, before a background of crooks and cops, she shows herself to be an uncommonly good little comedienne, tough in her dealings with shady American lawyers, snappy, and able to appeal to all sympathies—at any rate, all male ones—with the heart-of-gold-and-nimble-brain-beneath-the-ethereal-doll-face policy. Excellent, Miss Bennett. Mr. Cary Grant is the he-man attraction in this conventional but wholly entertaining affair at the Plaza.

"Show Boat" (Film).—Although the film-version at the Leicester Square Theatre of *Show Boat*, the Drury Lane musical-play success of eight years ago, is much too long, it is so good that I would hesitate to decide what in it ought to be sacrificed, or even to vote for any deletion at all.

Of the Drury Lane cast there is hardly one survivor except Mr. Paul Robeson, who does not appear to have changed at all since the earlier *Ole Man River* days, unless in added dignity, if that were possible. The words of his famous song were no great shakes as poetry, and their meaning, so far as it exists, is not pontifical. They are declaimed in a manner worthy of a medieval

HIS EXCELLENCY BARON GEORG FRANCKENSTEIN: The Austrian Minister to the Court of St. James's. A striking camera study included in the Exhibition of Photographs by Fräulein Gerti Deutsch which is to be opened next Tuesday at 6, Balfour Place, Mayfair

bishop. But the effect is as undeniable as the charm and cleverness of Miss Irene Dunne, Miss Edith Day's successor.

I wonder whether Mr. Sydney Carroll (to whom the best of luck in his plucky efforts to save open-air Shakespeare) could prove his assertion that, "as to Jerome Kern's music, I could listen to it for a month without a break." Mr. Kern has his slickness and the inspiration to justify it. But for my part I doubt whether I could listen to his music for a day without a breakdown.

THE HEART OF THE ADELPHI VANISHES

(Continued from page 515)

and I was pulled up sharply by encountering a barrage of dust. A Dantésque scene confronted one. Timbers fell crashing to the ground through circular orifices which let in awesome cones of light; all around was billowing, lung-penetrating dust. Fleeing downwards towards the front of the Terrace, I looked up and beheld the 'Cottages,' those odd buried-from-sight apartments which Mr. Austin Brereton described in his *Literary History of the Adelphi*, and here too, a little way into one of the main dark arches, on its eastern side, was the long-sought way to the 'Adelphi Cottages.'"

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The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship held its 93rd annual meeting at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on June 9, under the chairmanship of Her Highness Princess Marie Louise. The proceedings began with a performance of four items by the Bisley School Band, and also included a hornpipe by *Arethusa* boys, a speech by Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, a tableau showing some of the trades in which boys at Fordham House Hostel are employed, a report by Mr. Francis Clayton, Chairman and Treasurer of the Society, and a presentation of prizes. The programme of events contained the following informative statement of the Society's present work: "We have 1,100 children in the various Homes and Ship being trained and educated for a useful career. It costs £65,000 a year to keep this work going. As each child passes out into life's highway, fitted for the post found, another is waiting to pass through the portals and join the happy throng of those having their chance in life. The letter-box each morning holds fresh applications for admittance, and the postman's footsteps tread along the passage to the Office many times a day to deliver more and yet more. A timid knock at the door is heard, and a bereaved or harassed parent enters, to pour forth a heart-rending story into sympathetic ears; or it may be a guardian pleading on behalf of a child whose 'Mother's tender care HAS ceased towards the child she bare.' Sometimes the knock is sharp and clear, and on being asked to enter, one sees a sturdy, bright-eyed boy, who has been reading the notices in the windows, and who eagerly asks, 'Please, sir, may I go on the Training Ship?'"

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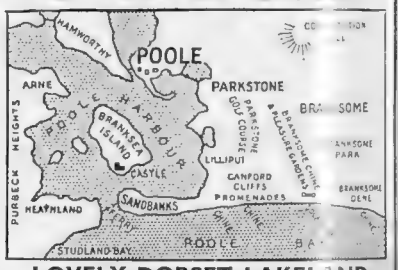

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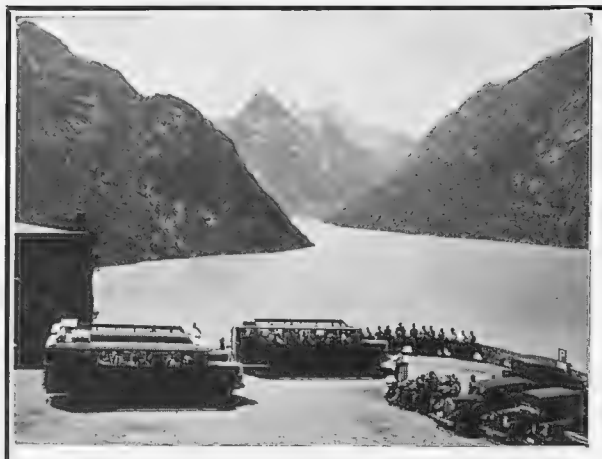

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Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel. Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk.. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—(828 m.) Northern Blk. Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. New Sand-Lake beach. Fishing. Pension fr. RM. 6. Catalogues.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 8.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st class in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water. Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—First class. Splendid situation. Rooms including Dutch breakfast from Fl. 4.50 upwards.

Amsterdam.—Bracks Doelen Hotel.—First class, quiet location, 120 beds, 40 bathrooms. From Fl. 4–5, including breakfast.

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Noordwijk.—Grand Hotel Huis Ter Duin.—500 beds. Best position facing sea. Golf, tennis, sunbathing, beautiful beach.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois).—On the Rhine.
Rooms from Fr. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-class Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mountains. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pens. from Fr. 11.50 up

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—First-class Family Hotel, all comforts. Best position. Ex. cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4 10s.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Meurice Hotel.—On the Lake. 100 Beds. Best First Class. New prices for 1936, 10 Frs. daily. Garden. Garage.

Lucerne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position nr. lake. Casino. Garden. Every comfort, first-class cuisine. Weekly inclusive terms fr. £5.0.0.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms Pte. sun & lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Grge.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Always open. Rooms 5.50. Pension from Frs. 13. Branch house, Hotel Gotthard, near station.

Lucerne.—Grand Hotel Europe.—The popular first class hotel with moderate prices.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 7. Pension from Frs. 16. Director, A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation right on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.

Lugano.—Grd. Hotel Eden.—Latest comfort. evry rm. fcg. lake, wkly trms "all in" S.Fr. 98. Sme hse The Beau-Rivage "all in" wkly S.Fr. 90.

Lugano (Sth. Switz.).—Hotel Bristol.—In wonderful position overlooking lake. Terms: from £6.0.0 weekly.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

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SWITZERLAND IN HIGH SUMMER

A Scenic Wonderland that Remains Beyond the Reach of Fashion's Dictates

SPOONING! A new Meerkamper study

OLD LUCERNE: The quaint Chapel Bridge running diagonally across the Reuss; a roofed timber structure built in 1333 and adorned with triangular paintings representing episodes in the history of the town. Near the centre stands the octagonal tower, known as the Wasserthurm, formerly a lighthouse and now a repository for the municipal archives

IT is not so very many years back that going abroad was a practice indulged in regularly only by the very rich. People of more moderate means confined themselves to two particular foreign holidays which they spaced out at a few years' distance—one was a visit to the Riviera, the other was the Swiss Tour.

As far as this latter is concerned, they certainly could not have chosen a better country, even if seeing it did involve long hours of travelling in fairly uncomfortable trains, and almost longer hours in still more uncomfortable horse conveyances, up and down very steep hills. Actually, the number of places that used to be visited was only a very small proportion of those which lie open to the modern tourist's choice, but it was sufficient for them to come back rubbing their eyes with wonderment, and with an entirely new meaning for the word "grandeur," as applied to natural scenery, fixed in their minds.

In this respect Switzerland has not changed, though it has changed in pretty well every other. Its scenery puts it for ever beyond the reach of fashion. The mountains stand out like giants above the pigmy efforts of modern civilisation to debase everything to its own level. The people who have been bred and have lived in these surroundings for hundreds of years give the impression of retaining a quality of personal integrity that most of us have lost, or so at any rate it seemed to me, who am a great lover of Switzerland, when a few years ago I had occasion to spend eighteen months living amongst them. And therein lies the ultimate secret of Switzerland's fame as a holiday place—scenery, climate, people—everything combines to increase one's vitality, heighten one's sense of appreciation and enjoyment, to make one feel, in short, "100 per cent."

I said just now that Switzerland had changed in many respects recently, and so indeed one finds it has on coming to look at any of the better known resorts, or at the small ones which are beginning to grow up. Hotels which were always comfortable are now thoroughly up to date. Every lakeside has its "plages," for swimming and sunbathing are not just passing cults, it is felt, but have come to stay, and Switzerland in summer, with its brilliant sunshine and lovely mountain backgrounds, provides an ideal setting for these pastimes. The train services, too, have been considerably speeded up, and offer many substantial reductions in fares to summer visitors, the details of which are well worth looking into. Another sphere of railway enterprise is the building of funiculars, and every year sees some new mountain region brought within reach of people other than mountaineers with nailed boots and picks to help them reach it.

So much by way of general preamble. But as for making definite and specific suggestions to give a line to those whose first Swiss holiday is a pleasure yet to come—that is quite another matter. It depends to some extent on who the person is and what sort of things he likes doing, of course, but much more on whether his particular preference for one place as against another, when there is really very little to choose between them, will just happen to coincide with your own. There are so many charming resorts in Switzerland, some of them quite close together, that to start making too exact comparisons would be, to say the least of it, invidious. Let us, then, survey the territory as a whole.

BETWEEN THE RIGI AND THE ROSSBERG: The little village of Arth on the Lake of Zug. A beauty spot easily accessible by steamer

In the extreme west there is the Lake of Geneva—immense, generally placid, although capable from time to time of brewing up some first-rate storms. Its north shore commands a very fine view of the Savoyard mountains, including that loveliest sight amongst all the Alps, Mont Blanc. Montreux, at the eastern end of the lake, the opposite end from Geneva itself, is a place of considerable popularity. There are here two famous little bays, Montreux-Clarens and Montreux Territet, and these between them provide two and a half miles of beautifully laid out promenades, completely sheltered from any cold winds.

Away to the north-east of Geneva is the Bernese Oberland, a high plateau at the northern end of which Berne itself, the capital, is situated. Not everybody when he is touring Switzerland thinks it worth while to take in Berne, but for me this pleasant, homely town has great charm.

A more generally popular Oberland centre is Interlaken, and this is in the middle of one of those districts which you feel must from all time have been designed for the delight of tourists. It lies between two particularly fascinating lakes—Thun and Brienz, the splendid peak of the Jungfrau towers above it.

Next, and right over in the south-east, is the famous Engadine district—famous since many years as a winter sports centre, and now becoming extremely popular during the summer months as well.

Finally, let us glance at the south. If you pine for the atmosphere of Italy, but happen to want to remain in Switzerland, then you must cross the great barrier of the Alps and descend into the Canton of Tessine. Here are those lovely lakes whose names we know so well—Maggiore and Lugano—and here you are sure of finding all the warmth of light and air, the leisured picturesqueness of the south. Crossing the Alps is always an exciting feeling, and it is amazing how, once you are descending the southern slope, the whole character of the landscape, even it would seem of the very stones that go to make it up, completely changes; you suddenly emerge into a world utterly different from the one you left a few minutes earlier, and set once more about the pleasant task of absorbing a fresh series of impressions into your travel experience.

Richard Nowell

Drawings by Percy Home

"CHILLON THY PRISON IS A HOLY PLACE, AND THY SAD FLOOR AN ALTAR": The castle on Lake Geneva immortalised by Byron. It was once a stronghold of the Lords of Savoy, commanding the route from Burgundy to the Great St. Bernard

MIDSUMMER MERRY-MAKING: Peasant folk dancing on the grass at an Alpine fête

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4 will be promptly answered

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. . . then Bude! A Cornish summer at its best. Prices lower. Long hours of glorious Atlantic sunshine . . . golf, tennis, motoring, fishing (trout), surf-riding, shooting. Surely the realisation of your holiday-ideal when allied to the comfort and amenities of a very first-class hotel.

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faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

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Three Acres Grounds.
Hard and Grass Tennis Courts.
Near Three Golf Courses.
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In Quest o

Lodge Hill, the Bird
Trio to No

BRITAIN has never, in my memory, appeared so beautiful as during the last fortnight. Spring has been late in her coming, but perhaps it was because she was so late in keeping her appointment that I have been so glad to see her, or may be it was that I viewed her at a time when "rare indulgence produces greater pleasure." I had heard of a new and luxuriously appointed hotel, perched on a sandy hill surrounded by 30 acres of pine-woods and overlooking that lovely Arun Valley which acts as a vast amphitheatre to the Sussex Downs.

I had "indulged," from the windows and terrace of the hotel, in views indescribably beautiful, ranging from Chanctonbury Ring and Duncton Hill, to the Sussex and Hampshire Hills.

And I had "indulged" in that luxury and service to which one is always looking forward in the "home of one's dreams." The furniture such as one sees in the shops but can never afford. A luxury bedroom with private bath. A slightly extended arm, and with the touch of a switch or a tap, light, hot water, and service at one's command.

One senses immediately one enters Lodge Hill Hotel, the last word in comfort. When one enters the dining-room there is the feeling that one is not going to be let down. I indulged in a 6s. dinner which *was* a dinner. My friend examined the wine list with suppressed excitement, and was not disappointed.

I have not the space here to go into the niceties of Lodge Hill Hotel, Pulborough, but it will suffice to say that everything is hand-picked. I spotted the head waiter, whom I had seen at the Piccadilly, whilst they have a chef (I am sorry, but this is a secret!).

But what impressed me most was that the man who created it is not sitting back in self-contentment; he is still striving for more complete perfection, and will probably always do so.

Here, indeed, is a real find for those who journey along that main Sussex coast road from London which leads to Littlehampton and Bognor.

You will find Lodge Hill Hotel off the main road in the little village of Watersfield, 2½ miles beyond Pulborough, 48 miles from London.

A week later I happened on another "rare indulgence," not this time a new hotel, but one which has had its vicissitudes until about eighteen months ago, when it was purchased by Commander Harris who has proved that he has an inborn flair for hotel-keeping.

On my table in the dining-room at the Birch Hotel, Hayward's Heath, were just those little etceteras for which one has to "catch the waiter's eye," in so many hotels—toast (fresh, crisp, and sweet), rolls, rye-vita, and under a covered plate fresh slices of brown bread and plenty of butter.

You may be pretty sure that the

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

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A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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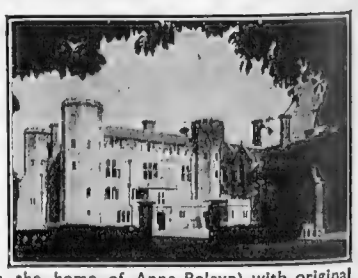
WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

Illustrated brochure on request.



An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Swimming, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey

Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

Ferring Grange—a Sussex

to those knowing people who appreciate a seaside hotel with the country house atmosphere very definitely prevalent, and yet where they can get at the same time all those little niceties one expects at a first-class hotel.

otel which anticipates your require-ents in this way is not going to let ou down when it comes to the menu roper, and I indulged in a lunch which ill prove one of the best advertise-ents for the Birch Hotel, for it was a eal which has resulted in my saying many others since, "You must make note of the Birch Hotel, Hayward's eath, for a meal whenever you are in hat part of the world."

The dining-room looks out on to an nticing swimming pool, and beyond here is a perfect vista of Sussex woods.

After lunch I had a look upstairs; here were only one or two rooms I ould peep into, as the hotel, as it sually is, was practically full. There re a number of rooms with private aths, and each seemed to have an ndividual character.

Haywards Heath is so conveniently situated between the coast and the "Big City," and has such an excellent ervice of electric trains, that I am not urprised that the Birch Hotel has "caught on" so since Commander Harris ook it over.

My third hotel, to complete my trio, s the Ferring Grange Hotel, Ferring, ear Worthing. Ferring has recently een quite unwittingly "in the full limelight," but the Ferring Grange Hotel as for a number of years been known

I was comfortable, very comfortable, and I can say from personal knowledge of the Ferring Grange Hotel, that it is an hotel which is quite different from any other I know. Col. H. E. Weekes and Mr. E. Coleridge Gair, the Directors, are constantly making improvements. Additional to the new wing they have recently had to increase the size of the cocktail lounge. A year or so back they built a very excellent squash court.

It has a great appeal to those who want to escape from London for a week-end or longer, for being country-cum-seaside, and possessing that country-house atmosphere, one can be as sociable or as solitary as the mood indicates.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

HEADLAND NEWQUAY

If you want a perfect holiday this year, write now for our new Book of photographic studies. It will convince you in pictures what no one could describe in words! 120 Bedrooms to choose from, all with Sea Views, or Private Suites. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band. Terms from **5 Gns.** a week, May and June.
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Most centrally situated Hotel in Llandudno. Covered Terrace facing Sea. Orchestra plays daily during Season. Garage for 60 cars on premises. Excellent cuisine. Moderate tariff. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Tariff and full particulars can be had on application to S. Greame Horspool, Manager. Telephone 6257.

George last year spent his holiday in the Mediterranean and returned just like a wet rag!

This year he will return fit to push a bus over after a really bracing holiday at the

Sheringham Hotel, Norfolk
A real Holiday Hotel. Fine Ballroom. Dancing Hostess and First-class Band in Season. Cocktail Lounge. Bathing. Gardens. Golf. Every Amenity and Service. Telephone: Sheringham 3.

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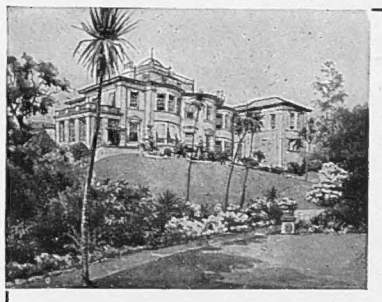

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Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

"I have never before stayed in an Hotel where one's wants seemed to be anticipated before one was aware of them. I do not know of any hotel where one is better looked after and catered for. I found myself living to eat, rather than eating to live!"

So wrote Mr. Ashley Courtenay in "The Sphere" last month. Come NOW and test the truth of Mr. Courtenay's example, for now is one of the loveliest times of the year at Lincombe Hall Hotel. Motor runs to the Beauty Spots of Devon — Picnics on Dartmoor — Golf, Fishing, Bathing, Tennis and an *embarras de choix* of healthful pleasure. And at the end of the day . . . a very good night indeed. Write to S. B. Paul for Illustrated Brochure.

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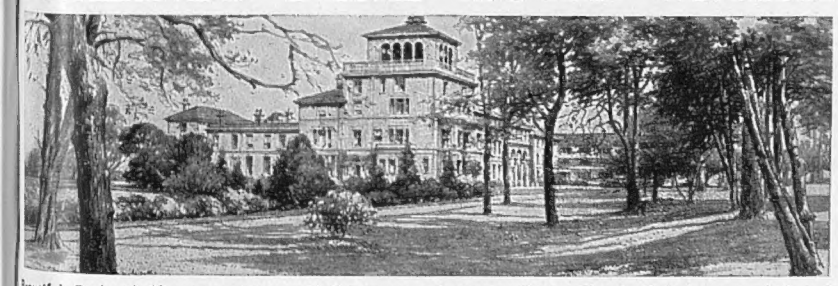

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PREMIER for POSITION and COMFORT
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Resident Proprietor: W. J. Hockley.
Write for Brochure or Telephone 4198.

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. . . an extract from our rather original booklet. May we send you a copy?
FERRING GRANGE HOTEL Nr. WORTHING

DOG DERBY, 1936 (*Continued from page* 524)

City, value £1,000 to the winner; the Grand National at the White City, value £500 to the winner; the Scurry Gold Cup at Clapton, value £500 to the winner; the St. Leger at Wembley, value £600 to the winner; the Laurels at Wimbledon, value £750 to the winner; the Cesarewitch at West Ham, value £500 to the winner; the Pall Mall Stakes at the White City, value £500 to the winner; and next year there will be the G.R.A. Stakes, also at the White City, value £1,000 to the winner.

The next point in favour of greyhound racing is that the dogs can run as often as three times a fortnight. Sometimes they run twice a week, and a fortnight ago Grey Robber ran six times in six days at Manchester and won five times. This, of course, is exceptional; but imagine a horse running so often!

As in horse-racing, certain strains of breeding are sought after in greyhound racing. Thus, Mutton Cutlet is the exact equivalent of Blandford. His progeny has won over £22,500 in stakes during the few years that greyhound racing has been in progress. It is said that he never sired a single bad litter, and, incidentally, he was the father of Future Cutlet and Beef Cutlet. Mick the Miller has been a very consistent sire, though so far he has produced nothing outstandingly brilliant. It is odd, however, that nearly all his pups are immediately recognisable by the white tip on the end of their notably long tail. Beef Cutlet is now earning £1,200 a year for his owner, and will continue to do so, all being well, for another four or five years as a sire. His fee, as advertised, is 30 guineas, and he stands, I imagine, between thirty and forty times a year. Silver Seal the Second, whose sire was a brother of Mick the Miller, is also very much in demand now. Fine Jubilee, which did the 525 yards in 29·24 sec.—the fastest time ever recorded—is one of his progeny, and only a fortnight ago a litter of seven untrained puppies, sired by Silver Seal the Second, were sold at prices ranging between 120 guineas and 190 guineas apiece.

By contrast, Wild Woolley has not proved an enormous success as a sire, but Jubilant, which won the Waterloo Cup but never raced on a track, has done very well for his owner.

All told, there are 22,000 owners of greyhounds in Great Britain, Mr. H. Sawtell being the equivalent of the Aga Khan. He has 200 greyhounds at his famous Melksham kennels. Many owners, however, do not have more than two or three dogs.

In front of me—to conclude—are the statistics of the White City Racing Summary for last year. They show that of the winning trainers, L. Parry and A. Jonas both won over £3,000 in prize-money, while H. Bullock and L. Reynolds won over £2,000. The winning owners who patronise this track include Mr. J. P. Lockhart-Mummery, who won £1,198 with one dog; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dent, who between them won £1,081; and Mr. I. H. Bloom, who won over £600. Oddly enough, Mr. H. Sawtell won only £151 on this particular track. But of all the owners who raced last year at the White City, only forty won no prize-money.

THE ORIGINAL CREW: Mr. Pat Waddington with three members of the first *Show Boat* cast, Miss Marie Burke, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Miss Edith Day, at the première at the Leicester Square Theatre of the new screen version of Edna Ferber's popular musical comedy

WILL FRANCE DESERT THE GOLD STANDARD? (*Continued from page* 502)

providing practically fixed rates of exchange between the countries on it, it greatly facilitates international trade and investment. In the second place, devaluation would be followed almost certainly by some amount of inflation and perhaps, when interest rates fell, by a conversion of Rentes similar to the British conversion of War Loan in 1932. Both these things would hit people with fixed money incomes. And France is the country of the man with the small fixed income—of the rentier. The French rentiers — and there are millions of them — do not want devaluation.

In the third place, devaluation would raise the prices of the foodstuffs and raw materials which France imports from abroad. Their prices in, say, dollars would doubtless remain the same, but their prices in francs would rise, since more francs would have to be given for a dollar. This would, by tending to raise the costs of production, to some extent diminish the advantage gained in the export markets.

Finally, the devaluation of the franc might begin a new currency war. Other countries might devalue also, and we should have the kind of chaos which prevailed in the foreign exchange market in the years immediately following the conclusion of the war.

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